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## THROUGH THE WORLD.

Some hearts go hungering through the world  
And never find the love they seek;  
Some lips with pride or scorn are curled  
To hide the pain they may not speak.  
The eye may flash, the mouth may smile,  
The voice in gladdest music thrill,  
And yet beneath them all the while  
The hungry heart be pining still.

These know their doom, and walk their way  
With level steps and steadfast eyes,  
Nor strive with Fate, nor weep, nor pray—  
While others, not so sadly wise,

Are mocked by phantoms evermore,  
And lured by seemings of delight,

Fair to their eye, but at the core  
Holding but bitter dust and blight.

I see them gaze from wistful eyes,  
I mark their sign on fading cheeks;  
I hear them breathe in smothered sighs,  
And note the grief that never speaks;

For them no might redresses wrong,

No eye with pity is impaled,

Oh, misconstrued and suffering long!

Oh, hearts that hunger through the world!

For you does life's dull desert hold

No fountain shade, no date grove fair,

No gush of waters clear and cold,

But sandy reaches wide and bare.

The foot may fail, the soul may faint,

And weigh to earth the weary frame,

Yet still ye make no weak complaint,

And speak no word of grief or blame.

Oh, eager eyes with gaze afar!

Oh, arms which clasp the empty air!

Not all unmarked your sorrows are,

Not all unpitied your despair.

Smile, patient lips so proudly dumb—

When life's frail tent at last is furled,

Your glorious recompence shall come,

Oh, hearts that hunger through the world.

## SYDНИE ADRIANCE:

or,

Trying the World.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS,  
AUTHOR OF "IN TRUST," "CLAUDIA," &c.

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### CHAPTER X.

I never

Could tread a single pleasure under foot.

—Robert Browning.

Anne was really bright and gay at the dinner table. A sense of relief seemed to pervade her. There was a little talk about the new house, and her face flushed to a pretty and becoming color. I half fancied her happy, after all.

I was playing for Walter in the drawing-room, when we were both startled by the entrance of a visitor. Walter did the honors of the introduction—a Mr. Channing, who attracted me at the very first glance—a handsome man of five-and-twenty, who recalled to me the statue of Antinous. He reminded me curiously enough of Mrs. Lawrence. The same slender, subtle grace; the light, airy motion; the silken soft, glittering hair, and summy blue eyes, large lidded and languid. His features were exquisitely cut; a straight, Grecian nose; a beautifully rounded chin, and mouth as perfect as an infant's. The full, scarlet lips were curved and smiling, and if there was any defect in his face, it was that the upper lip looked too short and too weak for a man, but this one would hardly avail at.

He glanced at me after the introduction, and I could not help experiencing a peculiar thrill of power. As he were playing unconscious homage, and so delicately done withal, that one could not be offended.

Anne entered. He rose and shook hands with her, calling a bright flush to her cheek. "I am positively disappointed," she said. "I wanted the pleasure of presenting you to Miss Adriance."

"Well, suppose we have it over again," she said, and he laughed. A string of tiny bells put in motion could not have been more musical.

"And we have been so much engaged today that I have not told her a word about you."

"Then I must be judged upon my own merits. Miss Adriance, please be merciful."

"Oh!" Anne said with a little impatient gesture. "But a few evenings ago I learned that Mr. Channing and Mr. St. John—"

She paused, for there flitted across Mr. Channing's face such a comical, half-deprecating expression.

"We're connections. I'll finish the sentence, Miss Sutherland, and Miss Adriance must judge who is to be commiserated."

This air of gay audacity sat wonderfully well upon him.

"I confess you brought Mrs. Lawrence to my mind," I said, feeling pleased and interested.

"Thank you. I don't aspire to the gloomily grand, as does my magnificent cousin Stuart. Isabelle is a charming woman, but she displayed a good deal of courage when she undertook to humanize her brother. Miss Anne said he was your guardian."

"Isn't it odd?" Anne exclaimed. "I was quite startled when I made the discovery, for we have been acquainted with Mr. Channing a long while, and known you so intimately, too." Then she colored afresh and looked strangely conscious.

"And you are really relatives?" I said, recovering from my surprise.

"Honestly and truly, on our mothers' side. Though I suspect St. John long ago disowned all relationship with such a gay fellow; he's so miserably grave and severe. Doesn't he sometimes threaten to shut you up in a dark closet?"

"No," I answered laughingly. "I have found Laurelwood a very enjoyable place."

"Perhaps he comes down from his pedestal occasionally. I made them a visit when Isabelle first went there, and I assure you I was glad to escape. I cannot endure those morose and bitter people who shroud themselves continually in sackcloth, and will not be content unless they see their neighbors sitting in ashes. Life is such a delightful thing to me. If there is a stray gleam of sunshine I want to be in it. I enjoy summer bloom and beauty without bewailing the fact that it must fade when winter comes."

His voice was so purely musical, and his face summer in itself. One listened as to chords played perfectly.

I had found Mr. St. John bitter, but I was half ashamed to confess it, so I said—

"We have been rather gay and dissipated all winter."

"Then a change has certainly come over giant Despair. Miss Adriance, you amaze me! Doesn't St. John preach you homilies upon the waste of time spent in such frivolities?"

"I haven't been sermonized very seriously as yet."

"Wonders will never cease. And though I wouldn't shadow your bright visions, I am afraid I have little faith in her conversion."

Presently we rambled on to something else. He never wore out a theme, or allowed his listeners to weary of it. He was at home everywhere. Any trivial subject blossomed in grace and beauty at his touch. Choice bits of sentiment floated out on the wave of conversation, sparkling like the changeable sea in a midday sunshine. Poetry, music, art, nothing came amiss to him. One could not pause to analyze, but enjoyed without scruples; and demanded more in return, claimed Anne as a right, and not taken little crumbs and odd moments of leisure, it would have been better for both. She was so rarely alone with him. Indeed she seemed to shrink from intimate personal contact, while she really had no aversion to him.

Mr. Channing pleased me wonderfully. His beauty did not pall as one became accustomed to it. Every emotion brought a change to his face, a new light in his soft, deep eyes. His was a remarkably expressive face. Another charm was his reading. With his exquisite intonation this was drowsy, lulling music, that lingered in one's brain long after the sound had ceased.

I wrote to Mrs. Lawrence about meeting him, indeed he begged to send a message.

What was my surprise to find a note from Mr. St. John enclosed in hers, a few words that angered me in an instant. Its contents were these—

"Miss Adriance, I regret extremely that you should have met Mr. Channing under such peculiar circumstances. While he is agreeable to the verge of fascination, he is not a man I should select for intimate companionship. Be careful in your acquaintance with him. St. John."

It was mean and cowardly thus to attempt to bias my opinion of Mr. Channing—his own relative too! As if I were a child that had to be warned at every step, and he a person dangerous to any woman's peace.

I smiled scornfully over this advice, resolving that it should not interfere with my enjoyment of this pleasant society in the slightest degree. Mr. Channing was not lacking in moral principles or addicted to any small vices. Refined to the verge of fastidiousness, elegant in all his tastes, without being foppish or sentimental; what was there to annoy or distress one? St. John was manifestly unjust and unreasonable.

If he did not admire Mr. Channing I must confess there was but little love lost between them. The latter was not bitter nor satirical, and yet he had a keen appreciation of the ridiculous, and a trick of drawing exaggerated pictures that was most amusing.

One day he was enlarging upon Mr. St. John's habits of seclusion and distaste for society.

"No one is quite good enough for his magnificence," he said. "I should think you two women would be a daily trial to him.

Perhaps he takes you upon the Romish principle of penance. I don't see how he can resist the opportunity of calling you up every night and reading you a solemn lecture."

There was a touch of reality in this that disturbed me.

"He has not proved fickle in friendship."

"I don't know that I quite understand myself, only I can feel that we should never do for each other."

"Why?" I asked in astonishment.

"It seems as if he would need a strong and powerful charm to hold him. He would want something rare and startling, but one day, a blossom the next, and ever after a different kind of fruit. I am grave by nature, and have but little variety. I should give all at first, and though it might grow more precious to some, I can fancy others tiring of it."

"What an odd girl! Do you think him fickle?"

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"There's some mystery about you two people. I can't imagine how you could consent to marry that unattractive Mr. Otis when you contrasted him with Mr. Channing."

"I didn't contrast them. Mr. Channing has been away nearly all winter. I cannot

make you understand just the kind of friends we have been. He is distantly connected with some cousins of mine, whom I used to visit frequently. I think from the very first we accepted the fact that we were to be nothing but friends."

"And how did he take your engagement?"

"Calmly enough. Don't fill your head with foolish fancies, Sydnie. It is a matter of indifference to Mr. Channing whom I marry."

I thought there was a dash of bitterness in this. "It is of more importance to me," I said warmly. "I cannot endure the thought that you are going to make yourself miserable. It would be better even now to break this engagement. There is nothing but a paltry feeling of gratitude concerned in it. Love is shamed by such a mockery!"

"Hush, you would murmur. Let me go my own way—it is best for me. Come, we are staying up unconsciously," and shutting the piano almost violently, she drew me into the hall.

I went to bed with a head full of vague ideas. It seemed to me that Anne ought not to be allowed to take such a desperate step. Were her parents blind?

I watched her and Mr. Channing narrowly the next day, and confess to a secret mortification in finding him polite and devoted in the most gentlemanly manner, but not in the slightest degree loverlike. Indeed he paid me the more exclusive attention. Anne was by far too generous to be suspected of that it must fade when winter comes."

It was singular, but in a week's time I accepted the fact even if I could not be quite satisfied with it. I found too that Mr. Channing was no great favorite with Mr. Sutherland, while he did admire Mr. Otis warmly. Sometimes the latter talked a little when we were alone with him, but Mr. Channing's presence made him awkward and reserved.

We were kept pretty busy. Shopping, ordering furniture for the new house, being subject to the nod of the dressmaker, and entertaining callers occupied us incessantly.

Presently we rambled on to something else. He never wore out a theme, or allowed his listeners to weary of it. He was at home everywhere. Any trivial subject blossomed in grace and beauty at his touch. Choice bits of sentiment floated out on the wave of conversation, sparkling like the changeable sea in a midday sunshine. Poetry, music, art, nothing came amiss to him. One could not pause to analyze, but enjoyed without scruples; and demanded more in return, claimed Anne as a right, and not taken little crumbs and odd moments of leisure, it would have been better for both. She was so rarely alone with him. Indeed she seemed to shrink from intimate personal contact, while she really had no aversion to him.

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nise with the position in which she would be placed, and know none of the wearying struggles of fruitless endeavor.

I thanked God for the bright promise of Ellen's love. Yet how narrowly that had escaped going down into darkness.

## CHAPTER XI.

The heart  
Oft grows inconsistent in its own despite,  
And meets in loss, but still the cruel gods,  
Who every man's obtaining set, the which  
They deem their own.

—Sir Walter Raleigh.

Still, when we purpose to enjoy ourselves,  
To try our vaunt fortune sends a foe,  
To try our equanimity, a friend.

—Goethe's Faust.

The fragrant breath of a glorious May morning greeted me as I opened my eyes after a night's sleep at Laurelwood. There had been a shower in the night and the distant fields were a glittering sheet of emeralds and diamonds. Every tree was a haze of sunshine. Spring gusts went wandering through the pines, sweet with the promised luxuriance of coming summer.

A warm glow quivered through my frame. I pushed the heavy hair back from my forehead and drew long breaths of this bewitching air. I thought of the time when I had first come here, and a quick rush of feeling overpowered me for an instant.

But I was forced to return to common daily life. Our welcome of the night before had been warm and cordial from Mr. Lawrence, and very courteous from Mr. St. John. I was anxious to know how it would prove by daylight. Perhaps after all there was no real antagonism on Mr. St. John's part. Natures like his, strongly marked by positive qualities, are generally severe in their requirements, and impatient with what they consider mental inferiority; but are they any happier or capable of higher enjoyments than the others?

Thirza came to assist me. Mrs. Lawrence had already gone down, so I begged her to expeditions and soon joined her. They were all in the breakfast room, the two gentlemen talking amicably. So there had been no instant declaration of war. In fact I thought Mr. St. John unusually gay and brilliant. He inquired about the journey, the visit, and hoped our newly married friends had behaved quite to our satisfaction, and were as happy as it was possible to be. Mr. Channing made most of the replies. Whatever had appeared incongruous in the union he very delicately kept in the background. Indeed, listening to him, I began to fancy that Anne had been a rather fortunate girl, and stood a fair chance for a pleasant life.

I could not help contrasting the two men. Aylmer Channing bore out the resemblance to Mrs. Lawrence in many particulars, and especially in that peculiar appearance of youth and gracefulness. He had the beauty of some old god, you could hardly disconnect him from Greek groves and festivals that legends have brought down to us. The comparison made St. John appear really plainer, gave him a force and ruggedness. The massive brow and head were indicative of power and sternness, where the other's displayed an elegant ease and languor. His face was sharply cut, cold, withdrawn, while Mr. Channing carried in his a continual glow of enjoyment.

Mrs. Lawrence was really delighted to have me back again, and I yielded to the charm of her welcome.

"So you like Cousin Aylmer?" she said when we were alone. "I wonder that I didn't think of inviting him in the winter, though I don't believe you suffered for lack of society."

"Indeed, we had our hands full," I rejoined with a smile.

Aylmer was one of the most finished gentlemen I ever met. The Channing estate is large, too, and there are no children by this second marriage. I wonder that your friend did not choose him instead of looking farther. He tells me they have been acquainted for years."

"Her husband was an old friend also," I said rather coldly.

"What a picture you two people must have made," she went on presently in the tones whose melody was sweet to fascination, even if the theme was deficient in charm. There was something in her manner that gave me an uncomfortable feeling.

Why must people look at every ordinary acquaintance of friendship with a view to matrimony? It vexes me.

For several days all went on smoothly enough. Mr. St. John took very little notice of my return, and made no reference whatever to his unlucky note. No one would have supposed he entertained the slightest objection to his cousin. Not that he acted hypocritically; he made no show of affection for Aylmer, but treated him with the nicest courtesy. The circle of neighbors around Laurelwood greeted my return with a most cordial warmth, and we were in continual demand. I had observed before this the peculiar reserve with which most people treated Mr. St. John, or rather which he demanded of them. He was not a man one would be likely to take liberties with. Mrs. Lawrence they drew into their gayeties as if quite by right, and in this pleasant social atmosphere Mr. Channing was instantly included. Invitations poured in upon us as thick as at Christmas tide. It was such lovely weather for rides and drives and little parties.

"You have worked a wonderful change in my august cousin," Mr. Channing said to me.

"Why is he quite a civilized being?"

"You overrate my influence," I returned.

"I have found no change in him since my arrival."

"Ah, you didn't know him before. And Isabelle told me a day or two ago that he had gone into much more society since Miss Adriance came."

I colored a little at this.

"He would be stock or stone if he did not pay some tribute to your charms," was the rejoinder, to which I made no reply.

But that evening Mr. St. John departed from his usual serene mood. We had been talking of a book which had interested us all a good deal, when he demolished our favorite characters with some of his sweeping assertions, very unjust, I thought, and the two had a rather sharp skirmish.

Aylmer went to the window presently, complaining of the heat, when Mr. St. John remarked in a sarcastic tone that he did not perceive any change in the temperature.

I was near by, and could not resist the temptation of saying purposely for his ears—

"Marble generally is impervious to heat or cold."

"Thanks," he returned, with a scornful little smile. "Perhaps it would be well to congratulate you on the same principle."

"I haven't been in this atmosphere long enough to become petrified, but it probably would occur if I had no alternative beyond remaining." I answered sharply.

"How fortunate that a summer sea awaits you. Of course there are no such evils as tempests under your bland sky."

Aylmer seemed to watch the curious effect of some distant light. What a hard, haughty face I encountered as I passed.

I began to understand what Aylmer meant when he said they did not agree. The war between them had been fairly inaugurated.

There are bitter retorts passing to and fro, veiled by politeness to be sure, but sheathed in sarcasm. Mr. St. John acts as if he thought his cousin's fine qualities put on for effect.

Aylmer has a quick eye for beauty, and glowing descriptive powers that in some men would savor of affectation, but with him are perfectly natural. St. John points these with irony or ridicule, and if Aylmer's temper were not the sweetest in the world, he would certainly be vexed.

I stood on the balcony in my riding habit one morning, waiting for the horses. Mr. St. John rose up out of the vines.

"I suppose you are going to discover another smile or dimple in the face of your beautiful nature," he said with an irritating curl of the lip. "You have a rare interpreter in your attendant."

"He certainly is," I returned, roused to warmth—"a worshipper whom not the slightest touch of grace escapes."

"Whether it be in a pretty woman or a pretty landscape, a well shaped hand, or an harmoniously colored tulip."

His comparisons vexed me as much as his tone. "At least, he is your cousin," I said pointedly, turning my eyes full upon him.

"I am at loss to know whether that is intended as a compliment for him or myself."

"It was not meant for a compliment at all, merely a reminder."

"That I should take a few lessons of my charming cousin? Become a regular Jenny Jessamy, flatter and flirt, carry fans and fanned handkerchiefs?"

"I fancy he possesses some virtues not quite above your comprehension."

"Indeed, I thought I enumerated the prominent traits."

"You are determined to see nothing that is good, to pervert and ridicule what others admire."

"I have been aware for some time of the direction your approval has taken, and that you would hardly admit calm reason to make a statement."

"Make as many statements as you like," I said angrily, my face in a blaze at his imputation.

"At least, Miss Adriance, you will allow that the acquaintance of a lifetime is better worth judging from than that of a few weeks.

Not that I expect to have the slightest influence over you. I am aware that one hour in Mr. Channing's fascinating society would eradicate any other impression."

"Women are more easily impressed by gentleness and generosity," I said, turning coldly aside.

"Women are impressed by any idle, conceited coxcomb who chooses to appeal to their vanity, pay them homage and dangle after them continually. Tell them the truth and they will hate you—it is like them the world over. A little glitter and show is all they ask."

"Your experience in women must have been rather unfortunate," I said in a sweet, irritating tone, that I knew would exasperate him.

"I have been aware for some time of the direction your approval has taken, and that you would hardly admit calm reason to make a statement."

"Just? Haven't you used your own eyes? Ah, Miss Adriance, you cannot lead me very far astray in regard to yourself. He is barbarous to you sometimes, and you suffer from it as any high toned, sensitive nature would. I know him so well, that his sharp-pointed shafts never wound me. I forgive for relation's sake."

"I should hope so. I cannot imagine a woman loving him. His haughty pride, impulsive will, and cold, disdainful nature, his lack of tenderness, and his utter inability to enjoy the highest and keenest happiness, would repel any true woman."

"Are you quite just?" I ventured to say under a passionate heart throb.

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"Women are more easily impressed by gentleness and generosity," I said, turning coldly aside.

"Women are impressed by any idle, conceited coxcomb who chooses to appeal to their vanity, pay them homage and dangle after them continually. Tell them the truth and they will hate you—it is like them the world over. A little glitter and show is all they ask."

"Your experience in women must have been rather unfortunate," I said in a sweet, irritating tone, that I knew would exasperate him.

"I have been aware for some time of the direction your approval has taken, and that you would hardly admit calm reason to make a statement."

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"I should hope so. I cannot imagine a woman loving him. His haughty pride, impulsive will, and cold, disdainful nature, his lack of tenderness, and his utter inability to enjoy the highest and keenest happiness, would repel any true woman."

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## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE WORLD AT HOME. Published by Evans & Co., 814 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. The May number contains a variety of interesting articles.

JOHN MILTON AND HIS TIME. An Historical Novel. By MAX RING. Translated from the German by F. Jorion. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Phila.

OLD MORTALITY. By Sir WALTER SCOTT. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Phila.

NOT WISELY BUT TOO WELL. A Novel. By the author of "Cometh up as a Flower." Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Phila.

LITTLE DORRIT. By CHARLES DICKENS. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Phila.

A MESSAGE FROM THE SEA. By CHARLES DICKENS. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

SOMEBODY'S LUGGAGE. By CHARLES DICKENS. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

THE ABBOT. By Sir WALTER SCOTT. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

THE MONASTERY. By Sir WALTER SCOTT. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

PSYCHE'S ART. "Handsome is that handsome does." By LOUISA M. ALCOTT, author of "Hetty's Class-Day," "Aunt Kipp," "Moods." Loring publisher, Boston; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Phila.

APPLETON'S RAILWAY AND STEAM NAVIGATION GUIDE. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

THE JOURNAL OF THE FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, Devoted to Science and the Mechanic Arts. Published by the Franklin Institute at their hall, Phila.

THE WATCH. Its Construction, Merits, and Defects. How to choose it and how to use it. Illustrated. By HENRY F. PIAGET; a Watchmaker of over forty years' practical experience. To which is added a short Essay on Clocks, and how to use them. Published by the author at 119 Fulton St., New York City.

## Where the Capital of the Union Might Have Been.

[We don't know who wrote the following. He probably is an intelligent man, notwithstanding the light and unrespectful way in which he speaks of the "village of Germantown."]

The original sites proposed for the capital of the Union were Germantown, Philadelphia, Havre de Grace and Baltimore. Germantown, as many may not be aware, is a hill-top village, seven or eight miles interior from Philadelphia, founded by Dunkers, Quakers, and Hardsheels of every denomination. It was once actually voted, to be the site of the capital, and during the interval of a year before the repeal of the act, the staid population of Germantown was violently convulsed. The old Quaker women grew refractory, and ordered new bonnets. The good old Dunker wives expected each of their daughters to marry a member of Congress. The young men stopped ploughing, and expected to be department clerks. Ale houses opened in wonderful excess, and every Germantown to read political papers. It was a year of decadence and *dilettum tremens*. The graveyards got fat that year. They thought of giving up the orthodox meeting-house for a War Department, and stopped the cannon ball cracks in the old Chew Mansion to fit it up for General Washington. Germantown has never recovered from that blow. Ever since the act of repeal the Friends' meeting-house has been empty. Philadelphia has been partly described by Jas. Parton as "Quakerism modified by Franklin." It was the great city of the country when the nation began, being at that time about the size of Indianapolis at present. Whiskey was known to be good there, and hotel room aspiré. No man could lose his way home after a political canary by taking a crooked street. So it had many friends to vote it the permanent capital city. In the Senate, when the matter was proposed in 1790, twenty-two voted for Philadelphia as the capital, to thirty-nine against it—the same figure as those which lost Germantown. And Philadelphia died hard. It felt that indignant sentiment of the boy who was rejected for the captaincy of the cornstalk military company: "My mother says I'm the biggest, and I ought to be captain." Consider the present circumstances, if Germantown had become the metropolitan city. We should have had the Congressional debates printed only in German. Every Senator would have had his desk full of pretzels. The Hole-in-the-Wall would have run lager everlasting. The Speaker of the House must have sat in the gallery, so that the debaters could see to address him over their enormous abdomens. Sausage would have been franked to all parts of the country, and switzerland by the ton charged to the item of stationery. William Penn and Gambrinus would have been perched together on the dome of the capital. The journal of Congress would have been dated "First day of the seventh month." All the President's receptions would have been held in drab coats, and General Grant would have worn the uniform of a perpetual Scengerfest. Every Senator would have addressed the chair only when the spirit moved him. What a lot of public printing we should have spared ourselves. Havre de Grace would have made one of the most beautiful sites in America for the capital city. High blue ridges of wooded mountains lie in its perspectives. It stands at the head of the noblest bay on the Atlantic coast, with the valley of the Susquehanna opening communication with the North and the West; a great city suburban to it, coal and lumber flowing naturally past it, and the garden country of the Middle States for its lawns. It would have made, as it may still make, one day, a situation worthy of a vast population and a vast trade.

**LUCKY THING FOR THE DIRECTORS.**—Shareholders have no voice in the control of one important branch of railways—the switch.

**Massachusetts repudiates woman's suffrage.** The Judiciary Committee reported unanimously against putting an amendment into the constitution. Both Houses promptly agreed to the report, and for the third time the Legislature refuses the right of suffrage to those who misrepresent the women of the land by asking for it.

## Advice to a Young Man.

BY JOHN QUILL.

The following letter was addressed to a young man who had fallen in love with a girl, and was about to start out on a campaign against her. The subject possesses universal interest, and if by my comments upon it I shall succeed in helping some stranger over the thorny way to matrimony, I shall be amply repaid, although that fact would not cause me to reject with indignation any ten dollar bill sent to me by my fellow creatures whose hearts overflow with gratitude.

I am not mercenary, but life besides being a troubled dream, is expensive, and butter is eighty cents a pound.

MY DEAR FRIEND.—Before you begin your assault upon the affections of Miss Smith, with whom, you tell me, you are in love, let me offer you a few words of counsel. Never be ashamed to take advice from an older man than yourself. Gray hairs bring wisdom and discretion, and he who with simple reverence heeds the words of warning that fall from aged lips, and guides his footsteps therewith, will win enduring success, and be blessed in his generation. It was a venerable white-haired old man who taught me always to go it alone in ev'rywhere when I held up both bowers and the ace, and look at me now! I am the father of five children, and owe my tailor one hundred and seventy-five dollars, that I can't pay. Believe me age brings with it that experience which time alone can supply.

In the first place, my boy, when you go courting, never start out on the principle that you can make a good thing of it by crowding upon the young woman's parents. Confine yourself strictly to the offspring.

On the same principle, if any other vagabond and foolish youth is prowling around trying to walk into that woman's holiest emotions, hold yourself in, no matter how mad you may feel about it, and, instead of saying hard things about him, praise him up as a good fellow, who means well, and at the same time intimate that you consider him of not much account in a general way.

She will like you for your magnanimity, and despise him because you patronize him.

Women are like the nightmare; they always go by contraries.

Make up your mind to block the little game of your rival. Always have engagements a week or two ahead with your angel, and ask her to go to the opera before the sale of tickets begins. He, like a genuine jackass as he is, will very likely wait until he buys the pasteboards.

Never let him sit you out either. When you both happen in together of an evening, let him do most of the talking at first, and about the time his limited stock of ideas begins to give out, you will come up smiling, and he has either got to sit there like a log or dead wood, or else go home.

If he stays too late for decency, get up and say to him in a pleasant voice, "Come, William, it is getting late; we had better go." And he will rise up and come along, gritting his teeth, and swearing inwardly at you.

But you needn't care, for you'll know you have a soft thing on him.

When you pop, don't go straddling around on the floor on your knees. It is not only ridiculous, but it is destructive of trowsers.

If she says "yes," you don't need any instruction, the whole business is *ad libitum*.

If she happens to remark "no," but thinks she can always regard you "as a friend," don't make any observations about suicide.

No girl was ever worth going to the cold and silent grave for, you know, and you may have a chance to sail in again, and win.

I know a man who broached this subject eighteen times to the same girl, and he got her at last. Never say die. There is no last ditch in love. The case only grows hopeless when the girl dies.

Never talk to her of love in a cottage by the sea. Four-story brown stone houses with gas, water, with all the modern conveniences and a back staircase, is what she wants.

If when you ask her to have you she says, "Not much, I won't," don't despair; maybe she will a little. But don't consider yourself accepted because she rejects your wife. Two negatives make an affirmative in grammar, but not in courtship.

If she has any little brothers and sisters, let them maul you, and fool around you, and put their greasy fingers on your clothes, and pull your hair, and make themselves generally disagreeable.

Never write a proposal to a girl. A friend of mine did this once, and made a mistake, and directed it to the sister of the one he wanted, and this old sister, you observe, accepted him by return of mail, and then because he wouldn't marry her, her father came down and flogged him, and she sued him for breach of promise, laying her claims at \$20,000, and she got it.

Lacerated affection is expensive, my boy.

When you are engaged, don't go down and spot round after a house the very next day, nor begin to buy furniture, cradles, and one thing and another. Women's minds are like ten-dollar bills, liable to change, and she may think better of her bargain, and take another man. Then you have got to take up the tureen through.

From window and casement,

From turret to basement,

all was rapture and admiration. Strain after strain was poured forth to so appreciate an audience, and the mutual understanding was most cordial until the very last—until the question of pecuniary remuneration. My friend enjoyed, admired, appreciated, but as a matter of principle (as he informed the German hornblower,) he never paid. They had his best attention, and that of his household, but they never saw the color of his money. The system has been most successful, and not a note of music now breaks the silence of that street.

OCH! when gay sparks the swate young ladies woo,

Their little hearts catch fire in raal quick fashion;

And isn't it because they're victims to The *tinder* passion?

MR. —, one of the wealthiest men of Boston, becoming involved not long since, made over his property to his son, in order to save it. He passed through the crisis, however, without failure or prosecution, but when he came to demand the property back, the son refused to restore it. The latter now holds the estate and lives in luxury, while the father has died of a broken heart.

"Did your wife have an income last year?" asked an internal revenue officer of a citizen of Carlinville, Ill. "Yes, she had twins—both girls." The officer concluded that it was a pretty liberal income.

## A TALE OF THE TROPICS.

Titti Fal Lay was a lovely maid—The white of her eye was like marmalade, Her skin was the blackest of inky blacks, And her lips were as scarlet as sealing wax.

She wore her hair in a fuzz a-top, Like a swab (the nautical term for mop;) Her ivory teeth were two gleaming rows, And she carried a skewer in her comely nose.

She loved a sailor (did Titti Fal Lay,) Who had been on that island cast away.

Titti Fal Lay was the child of a king, But she loved Jack Deadeye like anything.

She loved Jack Deadeye; but—woe is me!—Jack Deadeye he wasn't in love with she;

For he fondly thought of his lovely Nan (Who lived at Wapping,) did that young man.

And so, alas, and alack-a-day!

When an English ship sailed into the bay, (The Lively Betty, a seventy-four,) He took a berth in that man-of-war!

Then Titti Fal Lay (her heart was broke)

Wept—but never a word she spoke;

But she skewered herself, did the mournful maid,

On the native weapon, a sword-fish blade.

They buried her under the Bo-bo tree,

With her favorite kitten along o' she;

And the purple-nosed monkeys sadly rave,

As they tailed her tails o'er the maiden's grave.

## The Fictions of History.

A distinguished Belgian author, with an eye to the truth of history, has deliberately exploded some of the most cherished ancient stories and traditions in the language. He declares that the Colossus of Rhodes was nothing but an ordinary statue set up near the harbor which fiction insists it straddles; that Belisarius never was blind nor a beggar; that there was no female Pope in the ninth century; that the tomb of Paris of Abbe and Heloise is all a myth; that the William Tell apple story was conjured up two hundred years after that immortal mountaineer had sunk to his last rest; that Petrarch was enamored of other women than Laura; that Clarence was not drowned in a Malms butt; and that, instead of Leonides having only three hundred men at the pass of Thermopylae, he had at least seven thousand.

These conclusions, it must be confessed, are revolutionary and radical enough to please the most stolid unbeliever in the history of the dark and middle ages. But should we not pin our faith as readily to the theories of this writer as to those of any other historian of the time?

Another romantic fiction, which has long served the turn of poets and orators as an historical fact, is knocked on the head by Prof. Evans, in his article on Pompeii in the last number of the North American Review.

It is the story of the Roman sentry, who would not leave his post at the city gate,

though the shower of hot ashes fell thick and fast upon him until they buried him from sight.

The story went that he was found at his post, lance in hand, and helmet on his head; and that noble devotion to duty

had called forth many eulogies of Roman military discipline. Prof. Evans says the story is the invention of the cicero and custodi, who infested the ruins of Pompeii under the old regime, and who told the credulous tourist immense falsehoods as a kind of compensation for the immense fees which they extorted from him. Alas for the faithful Roman!

How to Get Rid of Street Music.

Street music is often a very pleasant thing—but in cases of sickness, or at night, it is often a nuisance of the worst kind. A certain London householder, whose life is passed among the poor, and who has seen what misery is entailed upon their sick by street-music for the sake of a little gratification of a few half idlers, has set his face against that institution very resolutely.

The street in which he himself resided was "a quiet" one; that is, it never enjoyed repose from musical visitation; the hand-organ at one end of it only leaving off its execrable grating as the brass band began to bellow at the other end. Well, he hit upon a plan. He has no children, but many servants; and as soon as the tormentors came in sight, these domestics had orders to flock to the windows. The master and mistress of the house stared admiringly out of the drawing room; the butler and footman showed their patronising faces at the dining-room; the housemaids, rushing to missus's bed-room, glued their faces to the panes; the cook and kitchen-maids flew up-stairs to the upper floors, and gazed down with approving looks upon the tuneful throng.

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all was rapture and admiration. Strain after strain was poured forth to so appreciate an audience, and the mutual understanding was most cordial until the very last—until the question of pecuniary remuneration. My friend enjoyed, admired, appreciated, but as a matter of principle (as he informed the German hornblower,) he never paid. They had his best attention, and that of his household, but they never saw the color of his money. The system has been most successful, and not a note of music now breaks the silence of that street.

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## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE IMPEACHMENT.—The Impeachment Trial still continues. Very able speeches have been made by Stevens and Williams on the part of the prosecution, and Groseclose and Evarts on the part of the defence.

WASHINGTON.—The Congressional Democratic Executive Committee has unanimously passed resolutions requesting the National Committee to issue a call for the meeting of the Presidential Nominating Convention early in June, instead of on July 4th, as now fixed.

CONECTICUT.—The official returns give a Democratic majority of 1,772.

GEORGIA.—General Meade reports that the Constitution of Georgia is probably carried by a large majority. The Radicals elect the Governor, and the Democrats a majority of the Legislature.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—The official majority for the Constitution in South Carolina, as reported by General Canby, is 43,400.

NORTH CAROLINA.—Returns of the election in North Carolina, with thirty-six counties to be heard from, show a majority for the Constitution of over 13,000.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The trial of the Fenian sympathizers concerned in the Clerkenwell prison gunpowder explosion, has brought on a trial. But a short time was consumed by the jury in its deliberations, and a verdict of not guilty was returned for all the prisoners, except Barrett.

Further particulars of the shooting of Prince Alfred have been received. He was shot in the back on the 12th of March, by a man named Farrell, a Fenian, and

nise with the position in which she would be placed, and know none of the wearying struggles of fruitless endeavor.

I thanked God for the bright promise of Ellen's love. Yet how narrowly had I escaped going down into darkness.

## CHAPTER XI.

The heart  
Oft grows inconstant in its own despite.  
And most in love; because of cruel gods,  
Who envy man's obtaining that, the which  
They deem their own.

—Sir Walter Raleigh.

Still, when we purpose to enjoy ourselves,  
To try our valor fortune sends us far,  
To try our equality, a friend.

—Walter Tasso.

The fragrant breath of a glorious May morning greeted me as I opened my eyes after a night's sleep at Laurelwood. There had been a shower in the night and the distant fields were a glittering sheet of emeralds and diamonds. Every tree was a haze of sunshine. Spring glistens were wandering through the pines, sweet with the promised luxuriance of coming summer.

A warm glow quivered through my frame. I pushed the heavy hair back from my forehead and drew long breaths of this bewitching air. I thought of the time when I had first come here, and a quick rush of feeling overpowered me for an instant.

But I was forced to return to common daily life. Our welcome of the night before had been warm and cordial from Mrs. Lawrence, and very courteous from Mr. St. John. I was anxious to know how it would prove by daylight. Perhaps after all there was no real antagonism on Mr. St. John's part. Natures like his, strongly marked by positive qualities, are generally severe in their requirements, and impatient with what they consider mental inferiority; but are they any happier or capable of higher enjoyments than the others?

There came to assist me. Mrs. Lawrence had already gone down, so I begged her to be expedition and soon joined her. They were all in the breakfast room, the two gentlemen talking amicably. So there had been no instant declaration of war. In fact I thought Mr. St. John unusually gay and brilliant. He inquired about the journey, the visit, and hoped our newly married friends had behaved quite to our satisfaction, and were as happy as it was possible to be. Mr. Channing made most of the replies. Whatever had appeared incongruous in the union he very delicately kept in the background. Indeed, listening to him, I began to fancy that Anne had been a rather fortunate girl, and stood a fair chance for a pleasant life.

I could not help contrasting the two men. Aylmer Channing bore out the resemblance to Mrs. Lawrence in many particulars, and especially in that peculiar appearance of youth and gracefulness. He had the beauty of some old god; you could hardly disconnect him from Grecian groves and festivals that legends have brought down to us. The comparison made St. John appear really plainer, gave him a force and ruggedness. The massive brow and head were indicative of power and sternness, where the other's displayed an elegant ease and languor. His face was sharply cut, cold, indrawn, while Mr. Channing carried in his a continual glow of enjoyment.

Mrs. Lawrence was really delighted to have me back again, and I yielded to the charm of her welcome.

"So you like Cousin Aylmer?" she said when we were alone. "I wonder that I didn't think of inviting him in the winter, though I don't believe you suffered for lack of society."

"Indeed, we had our hands full," I rejoined with a smile.

"Aylmer is one of the most finished gentlemen I ever met. The Channing estate is large, too, and there are no children by this second marriage. I wonder that your friend did not choose him instead of looking farther. He tells me they have been acquainted for years."

"Her husband was an old friend also," I said rather coldly.

"What a picture you two people must have made," she went on presently in the tones whose melody was sweet to fascination, even if the theme was deficient in charm. There was something in her manner that gave me an uncomfortable feeling. Why must people look at every ordinary acquaintance or friendship with a view to matrimony? It vexes me.

For several days all went on smoothly enough. Mr. St. John took very little notice to my return, and made no reference whatever to his unlucky note. No one would have supposed he entertained the slightest objection to his cousin. Not that he acted hypocritically; he made no show of affection for Aylmer, but treated him with the nicest courtesy. The circle of neighbors around Laurelwood greeted my return with a most cordial warmth, and we were in continual demand. I had observed before this the peculiar reserve with which most people treated Mr. St. John, or rather which he demanded of them. He was not a man one would be likely to take liberties with. Mrs. Lawrence they drew into their gayeties as if quite by right, and in this pleasant social atmosphere Mr. Channing was instantly included. Invitations poured in upon us as thick as at Christmas tide. It was such lovely weather for rides and drives and little parties.

"You have worked a wonderful change in my augh cousin," Mr. Channing said to me.

"Why he is quite a civilized being."

"You overrate my influence," I returned.

"I have found no change in him since my arrival."

"Ah, you didn't know him before. And Isabelle told me a day or two ago that he had gone into much more society since Miss Adriance came."

I colored a little at this.

"He would be stock or stone if he did not pay some tribute to your charms," was the rejoinder; to which I made no reply.

But that evening Mr. St. John departed from his usual serene mood. We had been talking of a book which had interested us all a good deal, when he demolished our favorite characters with some of his sweeping assertions, very unjust, I thought, and the two had a rather sharp skirmish.

Aylmer went to the window presently, complaining of the heat, when Mr. St. John remarked in a sarcastic tone that he did not perceive any change in the temperature.

I was near by, and could not resist the temptation of saying purposely for his ears—

"Marie is impervious to heat or cold."

"Thanks," he returned, with a scornful little smile. "Perhaps it would be well to congratulate you on the same principle."

"I haven't been in this atmosphere long enough to become petrified, but it probably would occur if I had no alternative beyond remaining," I answered sharply.

"How fortunate that a summer sea awaits you. Of course there are no such evils as tempests under your bland sky."

Aylmer called me to watch the curious effect of some distant light. What a hard, haughty face I encountered as I passed.

I began to understand what Aylmer meant when he said they did not agree. The war between them has been fairly inaugurated. There are bitter retorts passing to and fro, veiled by politeness to be sure, but sheathed in sarcasm. Mr. St. John acts as if he thought his cousin's fine qualities put on for effect. Aylmer has a quick eye for beauty, and glowing descriptive powers that in some men would savor of affectation, but with him are perfectly natural. St. John points these with irony or ridicule, and if Aylmer's temper were not the sweetest in the world, he would certainly be vexed.

I stood on the balcony in my riding habit one morning, waiting for the horses. Mr. St. John rose up out of the vines.

"I suppose you are going to discover another smile or dimple in the face of your beautiful nature," he said with an irritating curl of the lip. "You have a rare interpreter in your attendant."

"He certainly is," I returned, roused to warmth—"a worshiper whom not the slightest touch of grace escapes."

"Whether it be in a pretty woman or a pretty landscape, a well shaped hand, or an harmoniously colored tulip."

His comparisons vexed me as much as his tone. "At least he is your cousin," I said pointedly, turning my eyes full upon him.

"I am at loss to know whether that is intended as a compliment for him or myself."

"It was not meant for a compliment at all, merely a reminder."

"That I should take a few lessons of my charming cousin? Become a regular Jemmy Jessamy, flatter and flirt, carry fans and perfumed handkerchiefs?"

"I fancy he possesses some virtues not quite above your comprehension."

"Indeed, I thought I enumerated the prominent traits."

"You are determined to see nothing that is good, to pervert and ridicule what others admire."

"I have been aware for some time of the direction your approval has taken, and that you would hardly admit calm reason to make a statement."

"Make as many statements as you like," I said angrily, my face in a blaze at his imputation.

"At least, Miss Adriance, you will allow that the acquaintance of a lifetime is better worth judging from than that of a few weeks."

"Not that I expect to have the slightest influence over you. I am aware that one hour in Mr. Channing's fascinating society would eradicate any other impression."

"Women are more easily impressed by gentleness and generosity," I said, turning coldly aside.

"Women are impressed by any idle, conceited coxcomb who chooses to appeal to their vanity, pay them homage and dangle after them continually. Tell them the truth and they will hate you—it is like them the world over. A little glitter and show is all they ask."

"Your experience in women must have been rather unfortunate," I said in a sweet, irritating tone, that I knew would exasperate him.

He flushed and frowned and some lightning rays of passion shot out of his eyes. His lips quivered, but made no sound, for just then the horses were led around, headed by Aylmer, who had been superintending some changes in the equipment of mine.

I ran down the steps in triumph, flinging back a disdainful smile.

"Don't you envy us, Stuart?" Aylmer asked gayly. "Nature is in holiday apparel; her heavens are blue, touched with floating drifts of silver; her earth an enchanter's realm, and the air is rosemary and thyme."

Mr. St. John vouchsafed no reply. We mounted and rode quickly down the long avenue. Presently Aylmer said—

"So Memnon has gone back to his voiceless marble! What have you been doing, enchantress?"

"Nothing to make him so rude."

"How majestically sullen he was! Do you know I half suspect he did envy me."

"Not on my account," I said shortly.

"I am not so sure of that. He cannot be so widely different from all created beings. I half expected to hear him order you to your room, and dismiss me on the spot.

Every morning when I rise I look on my dressing-table to find a paper duly attested, wherein he disowns all relationship to one of them. He was not a man one would be likely to take liberties with. Mrs. Lawrence they drew into their gayeties as if quite by right, and in this pleasant social atmosphere Mr. Channing was instantly included. Invitations poured in upon us as thick as at Christmas tide. It was such lovely weather for rides and drives and little parties.

"Not quite so bad as that," and I laughed.

I liked this ridiculous exaggeration much better than sentiment, and therefore used every effort to keep him gay.

I confess he does have a singular effect upon me. Every one admires him; and I can see that Mrs. Lawrence puts us in each other's way continually. Mr. St. John does this, also. It piques me to be given to him in this positive manner, as if I had no other resource. Mr. St. John seems to shun me.

"Ah, you didn't know him before. And Isabelle told me a day or two ago that he had gone into much more society since Miss Adriance came."

I colored a little at this.

"He would be stock or stone if he did not pay some tribute to your charms," was the rejoinder; to which I made no reply.

But that evening Mr. St. John departed from his usual serene mood.

We had been talking of a book which had interested us all a good deal, when he demolished our favorite characters with some of his sweeping assertions, very unjust, I thought, and the two had a rather sharp skirmish.

Aylmer went to the window presently, complaining of the heat, when Mr. St. John remarked in a sarcastic tone that he did not perceive any change in the temperature.

"How fortunate that a summer sea awaits you. Of course there are no such evils as tempests under your bland sky."

Aylmer called me to watch the curious effect of some distant light. What a hard, haughty face I encountered as I passed.

I began to understand what Aylmer meant when he said they did not agree. The war between them has been fairly inaugurated.

There are bitter retorts passing to and fro, veiled by politeness to be sure, but sheathed in sarcasm. Mr. St. John acts as if he thought his cousin's fine qualities put on for effect.

Aylmer has a quick eye for beauty, and glowing descriptive powers that in some men would savor of affectation, but with him are perfectly natural.

St. John points these with irony or ridicule, and if Aylmer's temper were not the sweetest in the world, he would certainly be vexed.

I stood on the balcony in my riding habit one morning, waiting for the horses. Mr. St. John rose up out of the vines.

"I suppose you are going to discover another smile or dimple in the face of your beautiful nature," he said with an irritating curl of the lip. "You have a rare interpreter in your attendant."

"He certainly is," I returned, roused to warmth—"a worshiper whom not the slightest touch of grace escapes."

"Whether it be in a pretty woman or a pretty landscape, a well shaped hand, or an harmoniously colored tulip."

His comparisons vexed me as much as his tone. "At least he is your cousin," I said pointedly, turning my eyes full upon him.

"I am at loss to know whether that is intended as a compliment for him or myself."

"It was not meant for a compliment at all, merely a reminder."

"That I should take a few lessons of my charming cousin? Become a regular Jemmy Jessamy, flatter and flirt, carry fans and perfumed handkerchiefs?"

"I fancy he possesses some virtues not quite above your comprehension."

"Indeed, I thought I enumerated the prominent traits."

"You are determined to see nothing that is good, to pervert and ridicule what others admire."

"I have been aware for some time of the direction your approval has taken, and that you would hardly admit calm reason to make a statement."

"Make as many statements as you like," I said angrily, my face in a blaze at his imputation.

"At least, Miss Adriance, you will allow that the acquaintance of a lifetime is better worth judging from than that of a few weeks."

"Not that I expect to have the slightest influence over you. I am aware that one hour in Mr. Channing's fascinating society would eradicate any other impression."

"Women are more easily impressed by gentleness and generosity," I said, turning coldly aside.

"Women are impressed by any idle, conceited coxcomb who chooses to appeal to their vanity, pay them homage and dangle after them continually. Tell them the truth and they will hate you—it is like them the world over. A little glitter and show is all they ask."

"Your experience in women must have been rather unfortunate," I said in a sweet, irritating tone, that I knew would exasperate him.

He flushed and frowned and some lightning rays of passion shot out of his eyes. His lips quivered, but made no sound, for just then the horses were led around, headed by Aylmer, who had been superintending some changes in the equipment of mine.

I ran down the steps in triumph, flinging back a disdainful smile.

"Don't you envy us, Stuart?" Aylmer asked gayly. "Nature is in holiday apparel; her heavens are blue, touched with floating drifts of silver; her earth an enchanter's realm, and the air is rosemary and thyme."

Mr. St. John vouchsafed no reply. We mounted and rode quickly down the long avenue. Presently Aylmer said—

"So Memnon has gone back to his voiceless marble! What have you been doing, enchantress?"

"Nothing to make him so rude."

"How majestically sullen he was! Do you know I half suspect he did envy me."

"Not on my account," I said shortly.

"I am not so sure of that. He cannot be so widely different from all created beings. I half expected to hear him order you to your room, and dismiss me on the spot.

Every morning when I rise I look on my dressing-table to find a paper duly attested, wherein he disowns all relationship to one of them. He was not a man one would be likely to take liberties with. Mrs. Lawrence they drew into their gayeties as if quite by right, and in this pleasant social atmosphere Mr. Channing was instantly included. Invitations poured in upon us as thick as at Christmas tide. It was such lovely weather for rides and drives and little parties.

"Not quite so bad as that," and I laughed.

I liked this ridiculous exaggeration much better than sentiment, and therefore used every effort to keep him gay.

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## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE WORLD AT HOME. Published by Evans & Co., 814 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. The May number contains a variety of interesting articles.

JOHN MILTON AND HIS TIME. An Historical Novel. By MAX RING. Translated from the German by F. Jordan. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Phila.

OLD MORTALITY. By Sir WALTER SCOTT. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Phila.

NOT WISELY BUT TOO WELL. A Novel. By the author of "Cometh up as a Flower." Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Phila.

LITTLE DORRIT. By CHARLES DICKENS. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Phila.

A MESSAGE FROM THE SEA. By CHARLES DICKENS. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

SOMEBODY'S LUGGAGE. By CHARLES DICKENS. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

THE ARBOT. By Sir WALTER SCOTT. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

THE MONASTERY. By Sir WALTER SCOTT. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

PSYCHE'S ART. "Handsome is that hand-some does." By LOUISA M. ALCOTT, author of "Hetty's Class-Day," "Aunt Kipp," and "Moods." Loring publisher, Boston; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Phila.

APPLETON'S RAILWAY AND STEAM NAVIGATION GUIDE. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

THE JOURNAL OF THE FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, Devoted to Science and the Mechanic Arts. Published by the Franklin Institute at their hall, Phila.

THE WATCH. Its Construction, Merits, and Defects. How to choose it and how to use it. Illustrated. By HENRY F. PIAGET, a Watchmaker of over forty years' practical experience. To which is added a short Essay on Clocks, and how to use them. Published by the author at 119 Fulton St., New York City.

## Where the Capital of the Union Might Have Been.

[We don't know who wrote the following. He probably is an intelligent man, notwithstanding the light and unrespectful way in which he speaks of the "village of Germantown!"]

The original sites proposed for the capital of the Union were Germantown, Philadelphia, Havre de Grace and Baltimore. Germantown, as many may not be aware, is a hill-top village, seven or eight miles interior from Philadelphia, founded by Dunkers, Quakers, and Hard-shells of every denomination. It was once actually voted, to be the site of the capital, and during the interval of a year before the repeal of the act, the staid population of Germantown was violently convulsed. The old Quaker women grew refractory, and ordered new bonnets. The good old Dunker wives expected each of their daughters to marry a member of Congress. The young men stopped ploughing, and expected to be department clerks. Ale houses opened in wonderful excess, and every Germantown took to reading political papers. It was a year of decadence and *dilettante tremens*. The graveyard got fat that year. They thought of giving up the orthodox meeting-house for a War Department, and stopped the cannon ball cracks in the old Chew mansion to fit it up for General Washington. Germantown has never recovered from that blow. Ever since the act of repealing the Friends' meeting-house has been empty. Philadelphia has been pertly described by Jas. Parton as "Quakerian modified by Franklin." It was the greatest city of the country when the nation began, being at that time about the size of Indianapolis at present. Whiskey was known to be good there, and hotel rooms ample. No man could lose his way home after a political caucus by taking a crooked street. So it had many friends to vote it the permanent capital city. In the Senate, when the matter was proposed in 1790, twenty-two voted for Philadelphia as the capital, to thirty-nine against it—the same figures as those which lost Germantown. And Philadelphia died hard. It felt that indignant sentiment of the boy who was rejected for the captaincy of the cornstalk military company: "My mother says I'm the biggest, and I ought to be captain." Consider the present circumstances, if Germantown had become the metropolitan city. We should have had the Congressional debates printed only in German. Every Senator would have had his desk full of pretzels. The Hole-in-the-Wall would have run lager everlasting. The Speaker of the House must have sat in the gallery, so that the debaters could see him, and directed it to the sister of the one he wanted, and this old sister, you observe, accepted him by return of mail, and then because he wouldn't marry her, her father came down and flogged him, and she sued for breach of promise, laying her claims at \$20,000, and she got it.

Lacerated affection is expensive, my boy. When you are engaged, don't go down and spot round after a house the very next day, nor begin to buy furniture, cradles, and one thing and another. Women's minds are like ten-dollar bills, liable to change, and she may think better of her bargain, and take another man. Then you have got to get up an auction of the most ridiculous character.

**¶** A citizen of Massachusetts died recently aged eighty-eight years and seven months, having been a rigid temperance man for over forty years. A few days before his death he was advised by his physician to take a little brandy as a stimulant, necessary to support life, but declined doing so, lest he "might acquire a fondness for liquor."

**¶** Two prisoners, under sentence of death at Sing Sing, have brought suits for false imprisonment against the warden, because they were not hanged on the day appointed.

**¶** Pomp: "Cuff, can you tell me the difference between an accident and a misfortune?" Cuff: "Gives it up, Pomp. Can you?" Pomp: "If an infernal revenue officer should fall into the ribber, that would be an accident; if somebody should pull him out, that would be a misfortune."

**¶** Peanuts seem to be a trivial article, but in North Carolina, where they are chiefly raised, they have almost taken the place of cotton, as the great staple, and bring their cultivators annually \$100 per acre.

## Advice to a Young Man.

BY JOHN QUILL.

The following letter was addressed to a young man who had fallen in love with a girl, and was about to start out on a campaign against her. The subject possesses universal interest, and if by my comments upon it I shall succeed in helping some poor stranger over the thorny way to matrimony, I shall be amply repaid, although that fact would not cause me to reject with indignation any ten dollar bill sent to me by my fellow creatures whose hearts overflow with gratitude.

I am not mercenary, but life besides being a troubled dream, is expensive, and butter is eighty cents a pound.

MY DEAR FRIEND.—Before you begin your assault upon the affections of Miss Smith, with whom, you tell me, you are in love, let me offer you a few words of counsel. Never be ashamed to take advice from an older man than yourself. Gray hairs bring wisdom and discretion, and he who with simple reverence heeds the words of warning that fall from aged lips, and guides his footsteps thereby, will win enduring success, and be blessed in his generation. It was a venerable white-haired old man who taught me always to go it alone in ev'rywhere when I held both bowers and the ace, and look at me now! I am the father of five children, and owe my tailor one hundred and seventy-five dollars, that I can't pay. Believe me age brings with it that experience which time alone can supply.

In the first place, my boy, when you go courting, never start out on the principle that you can make a good thing of it by crowding upon the young woman's parents. Confine yourself strictly to the offspring.

On the same principle, if any other vagabond and foolish youth is prowling around trying to walk into that woman's holiest emotions, hold yourself in, no matter how mad you may feel about it, and instead of saying hard things about him, praise him up as a good fellow, who means well, and at the same time intimate that you consider him of not much account in a general way.

She will like you for your magnanimity, and despise him because you patronize him. Women are like the nightmare; they always go contraries.

Make up your mind to block the little game of your rival. Always have engagements a week or two ahead with your angel, and ask her to go to the opera before the sale of tickets begins. He, like a genuine jackass as he is, will very likely wait until he buys the pasteboards.

Never let him sit you out either. When you both happen in together of an evening, let him do most of the talking at first, and about the time his limited stock of ideas begins to give out, you will come up smiling, and he has either got to sit there like a lot of dead wood, or else go home.

If he stays too late for decency, get up and say to him in a pleasant voice, "Come, William, it is getting late; we had better go." And he will rise up and come along, gritting his teeth, and swearing inwardly at you.

But you needn't care, for you'll know you have a soft thing on him.

When you pop, don't go straddling around on the floor on your knees. It is only often ridiculous, but it is destructive of trowsers.

If she says "yes," you don't need any instruction, the whole business is *ad libitum*. If she happens to remark "no," but thinks she can always regard you "as a friend," don't make any observations about suicide. No girl was ever worth going to the cold and silent grave for, you know, and you may have a chance to sail in again, and win.

I know a man who broached the subject eighteen times to the same girl, and he got her at last. Never say die. There is no last ditch in love. The case only grows hopeless when the girl dies.

Never talk to her of love in a cottage by the sea. Four-story brown stone houses with gas, water, with all the modern conveniences and a back staircase, is what she wants.

If when you ask her to have you she says, "Not much, I won't," don't despair; maybe she will a little. But don't consider yourself accepted because she rejects you twice. Two negatives make an affirmative in grammar, but not in courtship.

If she has any little brothers and sisters, let them maul you, and fool around you, and put their greasy fingers on your clothes, and pull your hair, and make themselves generally disagreeable.

Never write a proposal to a girl. A friend of mine did this once, and made a mistake, and directed it to the sister of the one he wanted, and this old sister, you observe, accepted him by return of mail, and then because he wouldn't marry her, her father came down and flogged him, and she sued for breach of promise, laying her claims at \$20,000, and she got it.

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## A TALE OF THE TROPICS.

Titti Fal Lay was a lovely maid—The white of her eye was like marmalade, Her skin was the blackest of inky blacks, And her lips were as scarlet as sealing wax.

She wore her hair in a fuzz a-top, Like a swab (the nautical term for mop); Her ivory teeth were two gleaming rows, And she carried a skewer in her comely nose.

She loved a sailor (did Titti Fal Lay). Who had been on that island cast away. Titti Fal Lay was the child of a king, But she loved Jack Deadeyes like anything.

She loved Jack Deadeyes; but—woe is me!—Jack Deadeyes he wasn't in love with she;

For he fondly thought of his lovely Nan (Who lived at Wapping,) did that young man.

And so, alas, and alack-a-day!

When an English ship sailed into the bay, (The Lively Betty, a seventy-four,) He took a berth in that man-of-war!

Then Titti Fal Lay (her heart was broke) Wept—but never a word she spoke;

But she skewered herself, did the mournful maid,

On the native weapon, a sword-fish blade.

They buried her under the Bo-bo tree, With her favorite kitten along o' she;

And the purple-nosed monkeys sadly rave,

And chew their tails o'er the maiden's grave.

## The Fictions of History.

A distinguished Belgian author, with an eye to the truth of history, has deliberately exploded some of the most cherished ancient stories and traditions in the language. He declares that the Colossus of Rhodes was nothing but an ordinary statue set up near the harbor which fiction insists it straddles; that Belisarius never was blind nor a beggar; that there was no female Pope in the ninth century; that the tomb in Paris of Abelard and Heloise is all a myth; that the William Tell apple story was conjured up two hundred years after that immortal mountaineer had sunk to his last rest; that Petrarch was enamored of other women than Laura; that Clarence was not drowned in a Malmaison butt; and that, instead of Leonidas having only three hundred men at the pass of Thermopylae, he had at least seven thousand.

These conclusions, it must be confessed, are revolutionary and radical enough to please the most stolid unbeliever in the history of the dark and middle ages. But should we not pin our faith as readily to the theories of this writer as to those of any other historian of the time?

Another romantic fiction, which has long served the turn of poets and orators as an historical fact, is knocked on the head by Prof. Evans, in his article on Pompeii in the last number of the North American Review.

It is the story of the Roman sentry, who would not leave his post at the city gate, though the shower of hot ashes fell thick and fast upon him until they buried him from sight. The story went that he was found at his post, lance in hand, and helmet on his head; and this noble devotion to duty has called forth many eulogies of Roman military discipline. Prof. Evans says the story is the invention of the cicerone and custodi, who infested the ruins of Pompeii under the old regime, and who told the credulous tourist immense falsehoods as a kind of compensation for the immense fees which they extorted from him. Alas for the faithful Roman!

How to Get Rid of Street Music.

Street music is often a very pleasant thing—but in cases of sickness, or at night, it is often a nuisance of the worst kind. A certain London householder, whose life is passed among the poor, and who has seen what misery is entailed upon them sick by street-music for the sake of a little gratification of a few idle idlers, has set his face against that institution very resolutely.

The street in which he himself resided was "a quiet" one; that is, it never enjoyed repose from musical visitation; the hand-organ at one end of it only leaving off its execrable grinding as the brass band began to bellow at the other end. Well, he hit upon a plan. He has no children, but many servants; and as soon as the tormentors came in sight, these domestic had orders to flock to the windows. The master and mistress of the house stared admiringly out of the drawing room; the butler and footman showed their patronising faces at the panes; the cook and kitchen-maids flew upstairs to the upper floors, and gazed down with approving looks upon the tuneful throng.

From window and casement, From turret to basement,

From roof to basement,

all was rapture and admiration. Strain after strain was poured forth to so appreciate an audience, and the mutual understanding was most cordial until the very last—until the question of pecuniary remuneration. My friend enjoyed, admired, appreciated, but, as a matter of principle (as he informed the German hornblower,) he never paid. They had his best attention, and that of his household, but they never saw the color of his money. The system has been most successful, and not a note of music now breaks the silence of that street.

OCH! when gay sparks the swate young ladies woo,

Their little hearts catch fire in raal quick fashion;

And isn't it because they're victims to

The tinder passion?

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</div

## Ours.

## I.

Ours! We know them well, the darling maidens,  
Destined mothers of the coming race;  
Know each innocent voice's joyous cadence,  
Know the gay smile on each fair young face.

## II.

Pure as pearls from difficult depths of ocean,  
Pure as dew-drops from the lids of morn,  
Hearts like theirs to every true emotion  
Vibrate, brimmed with love, unseared by scorn.

## III.

What more beautiful, when dawn of Summer  
Opens softly bright the gates of rest,  
Than a girl of ours, a sweet new-comer,  
Fresh and fragrant from her maiden nest?

## IV.

How she brightens all the breakfast-table!  
How her loving looks, serenely gay,  
Wield a magic influence, to enable  
Men to meet the troubles of the day!

## V.

Younger creatures gladly round her gather,  
Seek a sister's smile, a sister's kiss;  
Tears may dim the eyelids of a father  
Who can call so sweet a daughter his.

## VI.

There shall come to her love's passionate  
Idyl;

Come new hopes, new dreams, a stronger  
life;  
Through the portals of a joyous bridal  
May she pass, to be a perfect wife.

## VII.

Strew white roses! scatter snowy favors!  
She is happy in her flowers of youth,  
Pressed to one true heart that never wavers,  
Kissed by lips that never spoke untruth.

VIII.

Whom she loves shall deem the world worth  
winning—  
Nought like love can make men's pulses  
stir:

She shall aid him well from the beginning—  
Blest with boys like him, and girls like  
her.

## Keeping House.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

To be a good housekeeper involves very much more than being able to sweep rooms and cook the food of a family, and no woman should marry till she is able not only to do this, but to preside over a household with good economy, with forecast and dignity. She must understand the requirements of a family, the prices and quantities of expenditure, and she must be willing to keep a rigid account thereof.

Every housekeeper should have an account-book, in which should be carefully noted down every article purchased, with date and price. In doing this a woman will be surprised to learn how much it cost to live, and she will learn also to husband her resources, and avoid unnecessary expense. She will remember that while all the time and energies of the heads of a family are required to meet its daily animal necessities, they are no better than slaves; and hence it seems the fitting province of a woman to see that there is no waste; that what is brought into the house is carefully looked after, made to go as far as possible, made to look as well as possible, and made to afford the fullest possible comfort to the family.

For this purpose she must be orderly in her habits, and be capable of planning with judgment. She should know the quantities required, and how to preserve from waste what is over and above the daily needs of the household. She may be pardoned a good deal of girlish vanity in dressing herself, and arranging her surroundings becomingly, in order to set off all to the best advantage; for this is to keep a fresh, cheery house, the delight and comfort of its inmates, but let her never for one moment consider what this or that neighbor will think about his or her little republic of home. If they praise her, very well; if they criticize and sneer at her, very well; also—she must be above minded it.

I think both husband and wife ought to understand thoroughly the theory, at least, of good, wholesome cooking; and, in cases of emergency, the former should be willing to lend a hand to an over-worked wife. It will be no disparagement to his manhood to take hold now and then, if nothing more than to show his entire sympathy with her, and tenderness for her; a good wife, and a good housekeeper, will not tax the good man in these petty household matters; on the contrary, she will so skilfully work the machinery of the house, that all will be done, and be hardly known how and when; she will not belittle him and herself by too much talk about annoying details.

It requires great skill and judgment to cook well. A young housekeeper must do nothing without exact rule, weight, or measurement, otherwise she will make innumerable mistakes, and create much disappointment and discomfort. It is very important that a family should feed well. Health, and cheerfulness, and good morals, are all more or less involved in the way our tables are managed. A bright, happy wife feels delight in serving up delicate dishes for the man of her choice, and a gratified look or appreciative word should not be withheld from him. It seems utterly pugnacious to see a man sit down and devours what has cost care, and skill, and taste to prepare, and never one word of approval or gratification. It is the way of some men, and a most boorish, disagreeable way it is.

While travelling, a few years since, I was detained some days in one of our Western cities. My room overlooked a lane or alleyway, in which were several houses occupied by the better class of artisans, and I became much interested in one of these, so much, that no sooner did I hear a glad shout from a little voice, than I knew it was meal time, and "Daddy was coming," and I took up

my point of observation in harmless and admiring scrutiny of the well-governed house. On the way in, the father raised the rejoicing child in his arms, and gave it two or three resounding smacks; another one had crept to the door-sill, and this was lifted also, and its little cheek laid tenderly upon the shoulder, which was hunched up to bring it close to that of the father's. By this time, the wife had brought a bowl of water, and a white, coarse towel; then she took the children down, applying also sundry pats, now on the shoulders of the little ones, and now on the broad, fatherly ones; and now the chairs were placed at the table, and while the husband gave a last rub of the hard, rough hands, he stretched out his neck and kissed the pretty, girlish wife, who would be hovering near him. They said grace, they dined at the plain, wholesome board, and more than once I found myself wafting them a benediction with the tears in my eyes. It is so brutal to pass without a word of recognition of the Great Giver.

The husband was a grave man, and the wife a lively, cheery one, neat as a new pin, and very chatty. I thought them wonderfully well matched, for there was no moseness in the man nor levity in the woman, and when Sunday came, and the little household, dressed in all their finery, baby and all, went out to church, it was a sight to behold. Theirs was quite model keeping house as far as it went.

I wish my readers would read more than once the story of Ruth Pinch, as given in Martin Chuzzlewit—it is enough to make one in love with cooking and keeping house; the pretty girl does everything with such a grace and alertness; her whole soul is so bent upon infusing comfort into everything; she is so unselfish, so loving, so wise, and so unconscious of her wisdom; so good, and knows so little about her goodness, that she is one of the sweetest of Dickens's many lovely, thoroughly human women. And here let me remark, that Dickens, like Shakespeare, portrays men and women, not monsters of perfection, and he is a safer guide, if guide be needed, than the great mass of fiction writers. If women form their opinions of the other sex by what they find in these books, they will be greatly shocked when they come to the reality, and learn that men act and think very much as they themselves do in ordinary life, only a little more so; the conventional man to whom "it is agony to weep"—who is "the very soul of honor;" who is "brave as a lion," and, "oh, so tender!" who is very taking, and a cross between a saint and devil, like Jane Eyre's hero—is a myth; men are nobler and better, because more human than all this, and if women would cast all this nonsense aside, and judge them by what they are and were meant to be, they would find themselves happier, and they themselves would impart more happiness to others.

I think men are more naturally inclined to system and order than women are; they dislike to "see things out of place;" perhaps the nature of their studies, and the great exactitude required in all and every species of handicraft produces this effect, and hence it often happens that matrimonial bickerings are produced by this cause alone, and thence they go on, till, like the accumulating drift of the maelstrom, petty vexations increase and are swallowed up in one vast circle of never ending, always beginning discords.

"A place for every thing, and every thing in its place," is the law of good housekeeping. A bag for twine and string; a basket for cheap vase, which is prettier; for loose papers; a box for bundles, neatly assorted and strongly tied; jars of all the delicious fruits labelled; loops to dustors; pegs for all needful purposes; and over and above all, the pleasant, watchful eye of the mistress. Every week, from attic to cellar, every department is inspected by the good, careful wife; and every morning the daily work should be so planned that cheerfulness and good order will prevail, and no flutter, nor fluster nor hurry mar the sweetness of her handsome, winsome face.

I do not say "avoid the first quarrel," as most of writers do, for what chance is there for quarrelling between a truly mated pair? They may have now and then a little breeze, but there will be no bitterness in it, and the one that first says "forgive me, darling," and puts up the lip for a kiss, is, for the time being, the loveliest and noblest of the two. If the pair are candid, genial, and unselfish, they will each so generously magnify the excellencies of the other, that nothing can be better than the way which the other thinks and does; and there will be a sort of good-natured strife to exalt and please each other.

"Oh, there is no place like home" to such a pair; and it is little short of heaven to pure hearts, where no rancor is, nor selfishness, nor envy, nor malice, nor evil speaking, nor malversation of any kind.

"There is, of course, blame on both sides," is the plausible remark of lookers on when difficulties arise in the marriage relation. It would be wiser, kinder and better to say, "They are unsuited to each other," and where such is the case, the relation is a scourge and a mockery, deadening and destructive to soul and body; rooting out all that is genial, noble, and lovable in character. It is the great life mistake, and God help such!

Then again we shall hear of "change." "Love has died out between the two." "Love never dies!" "It was not love that went." It was something altogether unlike, lower, coarser, and allied to what is infernal, rather than divine. Love is older than creation; stronger than the eternities. Jacob Belsman has said, "I know not but love is greater than God;" he is glorious in the grandeur of the thought, however paradoxical it may sound. Those who love once, love永远.

In adjusting the household, I would have the pair mutually helpful; but there are certain matters that look handsomer in the hands of a woman than in a man. I think he, as a gentleman, who should be independent of all others, ought to be able to broil a steak, mend a rent, or "sew on a button;" but it is more suitably the province of a woman to do these things, the husband being supposed more profitably employed elsewhere.

Every woman should be able to cut and make household linen and garments with economy, neatness and dispatch. She should

out her work, and always have a piece ready for the needles to husband her time, and avoid hurry and confusion; and lastly, my lovely married pair must so manage the useful work of the household, that one hour at least in the twenty-four be devoted to reading and study—good, solid, substantial books, to be read with care, for mutual advancement of thought and solidity of character; poetry and romance also, to elevate and enliven, not forgetting the great storehouse of our spiritual ideas, the Bible.

Human beings have not yet reached any very high degree of perfection; even my handsome pair may fall into error, and then the interference of outsiders is very apt to increase the evil; but let them settle the case between themselves, remembering that the greatest the fall the greater the need of a dear loving hand to lift us up, and the worse we may become the more shall we need friends; no true wife will turn from the man of her choice in the day of his adversity, nor in the day of his moral darkness; rather will she love him with a deeper, because of a sorrowing tenderness, and she will lead him on, step by step, till he be more than recovers the ground he may have lost.

—Herald of Health.

## LINES.

Brush not the floor where my lady hath trod,

Let one light sign of her foot you mark,  
For where she walks, in the Spring, on the sod.

There, I have noticed, most violets are.

Touch not her work, nor her book—not a thing.

That she exquisitely finger hath only pressed,  
But fan the dust off with a plume that wing.

Of a ring-dove let fall, on his way to his nest.

I think the sun stops, if a moment she stand,  
In the morn, sometimes, at her Father's door,

And the brook where she may have dipped her hand

Runs purer to me than it did before.

How I dare to speak to her scarce I can guess,

But the courage comes, for she makes me strong;

What is in my heart? Is it love? Oh yes—

But a love with worship that knows no wrong.

Under the mail of "I know me pure,"

I dare to dream of her—and by day,

As oft as I come to her presence, I'm sure

Had I one low thought, she would look it away.

T. W. PARSONS.

## The Two Dogs.

"Size goes for nothing," said the Terrier, turning up his nose; "so you needn't think yourself any better than I am, just because you're bigger. It's not the room dogs take, but what they do that makes them valuable."

"Quite true, my little friend," answered the Newfoundland Dog, good-naturedly. "Don't excite yourself; it's so bad for the system. Perhaps you'll kindly tell me what you can do, for I really don't know."

"Do!" replied the Terrier, delighted at the opportunity of wagging his tongue and his tail over his own exploits; "why, the house wouldn't be safe if it were not for me. Scarcely a night passes that I don't arouse every one in it, and no thief dares come within a mile of the place."

"Then why bark?"

"What use should I be if I didn't bark? I like to know where you are?" and the Terrier glanced superciliously at his companion, quite astounded at the simplicity of the question. "My master would think nothing of me if I didn't call him out of his bed sometimes. If you want to be thought anything of in the world you must bark."

"I shouldn't thank you if I were your master. Why call him at all—why not fly at the thief yourself? I beg your pardon, I really forgot what a little fellow you are. Size does go for something, you see, after all."

"Personal remarks are odious," snapped the Terrier; "your breeding, Mr. Newfoundland, is like your coat, a little rough."

"Ah! I dare say. A sleek coat and a brace collar do make a dog a gentleman, I've no doubt. But which talked about size first?"

The Terrier snarled.

"And," continued the Newfoundland, for although the best-natured dog in the world, he could never help teasing the Terrier, "there is a little disadvantage in being small."

"Look at my dazzling beauty—see my purple and gold. There is no other creature of the slightest use in the world but I, for I am not worth looking at. I pity you; I do you no harm."

"Would your gracious majesty be condescending enough to tell us which you think is the most useful—I, or the Terrier? You've so many eyes in your tail, surely you must see into everything."

"How can two ugly creatures such as you be of any use at all?" screamed the Peacock, for a scream was his royal mode of speaking.

"Look at my glistening beauty—see my purple and gold. There is no other creature of the slightest use in the world but I, for I am not worth looking at. I pity you; I do you no harm."

"You needn't," said the Newfoundland;

"for really, if your majesty will pardon me for saying so, we don't envy you. My friend and I are quite contented with our personal appearance, I can assure you. It wouldn't do to have a world full of peacocks, for all their fine feathers. Your eyes see nothing but yourself. I find; and we prefer to see beyond our own noses."

The next friend they met was the Butterfly. She answered their question with a laugh.

"What's the use of being any use? Why not enjoy oneself and be merry? Life is too short to be useful in;" and away she danced from flower to flower.

"Gentlemen," said the Bee, coming from the bell of a white lily, "what the Butterfly has just said is shocking morality. Pray don't mind her, the frivolous creature! I really didn't mean to listen, but being inside the lily I couldn't help hearing your question."

"Then, perhaps, as you have heard it, Mrs. Bee, you will be so kind as to answer it for us," replied the Newfoundland.

"I am not Mrs. Bee," replied she, with great dignity; "I am the little Busy Bee that improves each shining hour. I gather honey all the day—"

"From every open flower," interrupted the Terrier, for although unacquainted with Dr. Watts, he considered himself very poetical, and liked to show his talents.

"No, I was not going to say that, Mr. Terrier; but it's quite correct, notwithstanding, I gather honey for the benefit of the human race; that's my proud position. I set an example to them also, and am known as the symbol of industry. Now, if you can tell me what each of you do, I can answer your question in the twinkling of my wing."

Here was a question to be put to a timid cat. Despite her intimacy with both dogs, Miss Tabby, being of a nervous tempera-

ment, had never overcome her constitutional aversion to them. If she said the Newfoundland was the most useful, the Terrier would worry her life out; and if she said the Terrier, might not the Newfoundland put an end to her on the spot?"

"Really, honored sire," she answered, trembling in her skin, "you've puzzled me extremely; you are both so celebrated for your shining qualities that it would be hard to answer your question."

"Don't let's have any flattery," said the Newfoundland, laughing.

"Speak the truth, or I'll pull your tail," snapped the Terrier.

At this awful threat the cat stood speechless.

"Come along. Don't you see the poor thing is frightened, and nobody speaks the truth when they are afraid of you. Here's the Horse, I'll ask him;" and the Newfoundland walked on whilst the Terrier gave a parting snarl as she scampered off.

"I hope we're not disturbing you, Mr. Bay-horse, but my friend here and I are out this morning in search of the truth."

"I'm afraid you'll have to go a long way

"Well, anyhow we want your opinion. Which of us do you think of the most use?"

"Use!" and here the horse gave a contemptuous snort. "I'd be thankful to any one who would tell me what possible use that little snarling, yelping Terrier is?" I shall kick him to Jericho one of these days if he comes barking at my heels every time I go out with my master, and so I tell him."

When the Newfoundland turned round to look for his companion, he saw him skulking off with his tail between his legs; and it was not until they had left the orchard for the lawn that it reappeared in its proper place.

"I wouldn't stop to listen to that horse

## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

## FANNY'S FIRST GRAY HAIR.

Fanny was thirty, or thereabout; perhaps she might half decline To own, without a most beautiful pout, To a day over twenty-nine. Fanny was handsome—so, at least, Declared that favored glass Which drank, in silence, that dainty feast. Seeing her shadow pass. Fanny was handsome—so they said, Despairing lovers, a score, Who kissed at the curls of her gipsy head, But wished nearer kisses, and more.

Brown-eyed Fanny came to me, One day, with fingers two, Holding some object so like me! That its value at once I knew— Some precious pearl, some diamond rare, On her forehead destined to blaze; Alas! it was only a single hair Held up to my wondering gaze! A single hair, but its hue, how fair! From her dark curl's glossy shine! For its white might have gleamed like another star In the fading dusk of mine.

"See here!" cried Fanny, "a burning shame That work, and worry, and toil, And striving for wealth, and fashion, and fame. And burning the midnight oil— Have made me gray while only a miss; Good looks all taking wing! Just look at this—don't you see it?—this! The untimely, hateful thing! What will I do, in a year or two, When more of my youth has fled, And half of my hair has the milk-white hue Of this, just dropped from my head!"

"Fanny!" I said—for a quick-shut door, And a step, had met my ear—"Do you really wish to have no more, Just yet, of the white hairs, dear?" "Of course I do!" and the words were quick.

And a little spiteful, I thought. "Then I'll tell you, girl, an easy trick By which the check may be wrought. If you really wish to look very young, I think you will find it best Not to lay your head too often or long On a gray-haired lover's breast!"

Fanny was angry: she flared like fire; "What, sirrah!—you do not dare To hint that this bit of silvery wire Is any one else's hair! I'll never speak to you again!" But she flushed such a rosy red!—And I think that she searched and searched in vain.

For more snow on the gipsy head! But before a month was gone, somehow The first white hair had grown To some thousands, crowning a manly brow; And she called the "her own!" —Northern Monthly.

## A Story of Danish Justice.

The war had broken out between England and France; Bonaparte had broken the treaty of Amiens; all was consternation among the English in India, particularly those who had valuable cargoes at sea, and those who were about to return to their native land. I was one of the latter class; so I joyfully accepted a passage home on board a Dutch—Denmark, as yet, remaining neutral in the quarrel.

So far as luxury went, I certainly found her very inferior to the regular Indianmen; but as a sailor, she was far superior, and in point of discipline, her crew was as well-regulated, and as strictly commanded, as the crew of a British man-of-war. In fact, such order, regularity and implicit obedience I could never have believed to exist on board a merchantman.

The chief mate was one of the finest young men I ever saw. He had just been promoted to his present post—not from the mere fact of his being the owner's son, but really from sterling merit. He was beloved by the crew, among whom he had served, as is usual in the Danish service, five years, and was equally popular with his brother officers and the passengers returning to Europe.

The only bad character we had on board was the cook—a swarthy, ill-looking Portuguese, who managed somehow or other daily to cause some disturbance among the seamen. For he had often been reprimanded, and the evening when this sketch opens he had been released from irons, into which he had been ordered for four-and-twenty hours by the chief mate, for having attempted to poison a sailor who had offended him. In return for having punished him thus severely, the irritated Portuguese swore to revenge himself on the first officer.

The mate, who was called Charles, was walking in the waist with a beautiful young English girl, to whom he was engaged to be married, when suddenly, era a soul could interpose, or even suspect his design, the cook rushed forward and buried his knife with one plunge into the heart of the unfortunate young man, who fell, without a cry, as the exulting Portuguese burst forth into a demoniac laugh of triumph.

Unconscious of the full extent of her bereavement, the poor girl hung over him; and as a friend, who had rushed forward to support him, drew the knife from his bosom, with an effort the young man turned towards her, gave her a last look of affection, and as the blade left the wound, fell a corpse in the arms of him who held her.

By this time the captain had come on deck. He shed tears like a child, for he loved the young man as his own son. The exasperated crew would instantly have fallen on the assassin, and taken summary vengeance, but were only kept within bounds by their commander's presence. The cook, who appeared to glory in his deed, was instantly seized and confined. The corpse was taken below, while the wretched betrothed was carried in a state of insensibility to her cabin.

Eight bells had struck, the following evening, when I received a summons to attend on deck. I therefore instantly ascended, and found the whole of the crew, dressed in their Sunday clothes, together with all the officers of the ship and the male passengers, assembled. The men off duty were lining either side of the deck; the captain, surrounded by his officers, was standing imme-

dately in front of the poop; and the body of the unfortunate victim lay stretched on a grating—over which the national flag of Denmark had been thrown—immediately in the centre. In an instant I saw that I had been summoned to be present at the funeral of the chief mate, and my heart beat high with grief as I uncovered my head and stepped on the quarter-deck.

It was nearly a dead calm; we had passed the trades, and were fast approaching the line; the sun had begun to decline, but still burnt with a fervent heat; the sails hung listlessly against the masts, and the mainsail was brailed up, in order to allow the breeze, should any rise, to go forward. I had observed all the morning a still more sure indication of our approach to the torrid zone. Through the clear blue water I had remarked a couple of sharks following the vessel, accompanied by their usual companions—the pilot-fish. This the sailors had expected as a matter of course, as they superstitiously believe that these monsters of the deep always attach themselves to a ship in which a dead body lies, anxiously anticipating their dreadful meal. In their appearance, however, I only saw the usual announcement of our vicinity to the line.

In such weather, placed in a ship, which seems to represent the whole world—shut out from all save the little band that encircles us, with the wide and fathomless element around us—the ethereal throne from which God seems to look down upon us; at one moment our voice rising in solemn prayer for one we have loved, and the next, the splash of the divided waters, as they receive in their bosom the creature He has made—all these, at such a moment, make the heart thrill with a deeper awe, a closer fellowship with its Creator than any resident on shore can know—a consciousness of the grandeur of God and the feebleness of man, which those alone can feel who "go down in ships, and see the wonders of the deep."

I took my place with the other passengers. Not a word was spoken, for we all believed we were about to witness the last rites performed over our late friend, and consequently stood in anxious silence; when suddenly a steady tramp was heard, and the larboard watch, with drawn cutlasses, slowly marched down the waist, escorting the murderer, whom they conducted to the side of the corpse; then withdrew a few paces, and formed a line, which completed the hollow square.

We now began to exchange glances. Surely, the assassin had not been brought here to witness the burial of his victim; and yet what else could it be for? Had it been for trial (as we had heard the Danes often proceeded to instant investigation and summary punishment,) we should probably have seen the tackle prepared for hanging the culprit at the yard-arm. This, however, was not the case; and we all, therefore, felt puzzled as to the meaning of the scene.

We were not long kept in doubt. The second mate read from a paper which he held in his hand, the full power delegated to the captain to hold courts-martial, and carry their sentences into effect; the law in similar cases, &c., &c.; and called on the prisoner to know whether he would consent to be tried in the Danish language. To this he sullenly assented, and the court was declared open.

The flag was suddenly withdrawn from the face of the corpse; and even the monster who had struck the blow shuddered as he beheld the calm look of him whom he had stricken.

The trial now proceeded in the most solemn manner. Evidence of the crime was adduced, and the deed clearly brought home to the accused. I confess that my blood turned cold when I saw the knife produced which had been used as the instrument of the murder, and the demon-like smile of the prisoner as he beheld it, stained as it was with the blood of one who had been forced by his duty to punish him.

After a strict investigation, the captain appealed to all present, when the prisoner was unanimously declared guilty.

The officers put on their hats, and the captain proceeded to pass sentence. Great was my surprise (not understanding one word which the commander said) to see the culprit throw himself on his knees and begin to sue for mercy. After the unfeeling and obdurate manner in which he had conducted himself, such an appeal was unaccountable; for it was quite evident he did not fear death, or regret the deed he had committed. What threatened torture could thus bend his hardened spirit. I was at a loss to conjecture.

Four men now approached and lifted up the corpse. A similar number seized the prisoner, while ten or twelve others approached with strong cords. In a moment I understood the whole, and could not wonder at the struggles of the murderer, as I saw him lashed back to back, firmly, tightly, without the power to move, to the dead body of his victim. His cries were stopped by a sort of gag, and with the body he was laid on the grating and carried to the gangway. The crew mounted on the nettings and up the shrouds. A few prayers from the Danish burial service were read by a chaplain on board, and the dead and the living, the murderer and his victim, were launched into eternity bound together!

As the dreadful burden separated the clear waters, I caught a glimpse of the living man's eye as he was falling; it haunts me even to this moment; there was more than agony in it! We paused only for a few moments, and turned away, and sought to forget the stern and awe-inspiring punishment we had seen indeed.

I was glad when a sudden breeze drove us far away from the tragic scene.

THE MINISTER'S BOOTS.—A Newburg paper says that one minister in that place recently said to another: "I came near selling my boots to-day." The other marvelled, and made the brief but sage remark: "Ah!" Then seeing that further comment was expected, he asked, "How was that?" Then parson No. 1 sprung his trap: "Oh! I had them half soled." Parson No. 2 is not expected to recover.

"Pa," said a little friend of ours, "what's the use of giving our little pigs so much milk? They make hogs of themselves." Pa walked away.

## OLD SONGS.

BY S. H. BROWNE.

Sing me sweet songs and old! Songs I have known full well Yet long ago forgot; Songs that shall burst the tomb Of many a buried thought And warm dear memories that have long been cold. Sing me sweet songs and old!

Sing me glad songs and gay! Songs that once moved to mirth And desponding heart; That bade its morning clouds, Its noon-tide gloom depart, And turned its night-time to respondent day!

Sing me glad songs and gay! Songs that have power to loose The long-sealed fount of tears: And still its limpid depths, As in those happier years, When the refreshing stream was ever fair to flow— Sing me soft songs and low!

## THE LAST DIVE OF THE NAUTILUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE QUAKER PARTISANS," &c.

## CHAPTER I.

I wonder what made me run away to sea! Why I left a comfortable bed in which I could sleep eight hours at a stretch, if I chose, for a narrow shelf fastened up against the wall, so to speak, out of which I always had to turn and stand my watch, just as I was beginning to dream? Why I gave up sitting in a civilized manner on a chair, at a table with clean cloth, eating beef and mutton and poultry, and potatoes-and-gravy, (I never knew a boy who didn't like potatoes-and-gravy,) and finishing off with Christian dessert—why I exchanged these for the privilege of sitting on a dirty door, in a dark little hole, in company with a crowd of other boys and men who always forgot to wash their hands and dress for dinner, around a tub, eating salt junk and "old horse" and munching biscuit rather harder than my teeth, with a tin cup for a plate, an iron spoon for knife and fork, and the sleeve of my red flannel shirt for a napkin; with "plum duff" on Sunday, (while the very cheap raisins held out,) and dum without plums once in the week?

Do you know what "duff" is?

You take flour, as much as you want, mix it with water in the coppers, and boil it. That's "duff."

It don't require much science to make it, and it isn't any great things when it is made.

Simple as it was, however, our cook, who was

a Soyer, contrived to give us some variety in it.

Sometimes it was so thin as to be strongly

suggetive of the paste with which I used to make kites at home; then, it would come on the ta— I mean into the "kid," of the consistency of exceedingly stiff dough, and then again of a medium density, say about like mush. At other times it would range through all the degrees of density lying between these two extremes. I don't think we ever had it twice exactly alike. There was one quality, however, in which it was always uniform. It was unwaveringly and persistently lumpy.

Thick or thin or mushy, it was always

plentifully interspersed with lumps of all sizes, which were constantly surprising us by collapsing as we closed our mouths, filling them with sudden puffs of dry flour, and causing a great deal of spluttering profanity, which always followed these little surprises.

It would not be much of a dessert on shore, but here it formed quite an agreeable taste in the monotony of salt junk, fat pork and "slops"—a figurative name for what was intended to represent tea—and I soon got to liking it very well.

I really can't tell, now, what made me run off to sea, unless it was Robinson Crusoe, a condensed edition of whose story, containing his first voyage and shipwreck, with his residence on the island of "Jew-ann Fernandes," as we used to call it at school, my father had bought for me from an itinerant book peddler.

I think I can date my first longing for the sea from my reading of the story of that delightful old vagabond.

The idea of living "all alone by myself,

with no school to go to, no villainous sums to do, no pages to copy for talking in school,

for the exercise in writing after school hours which it gave me,) not staying at noon to

study lessons which had been sacrificed to

Robinson, nobody to haze me off to bed

when I lay down on the sofa, tired and

sleepy, and above all—not exactly consistent

with being "all alone"—to have a faithful

"man Friday," ready to do anything for me

when I felt too lazy to do it for myself, took complete possession of me. I had built up a nice little paradise for myself, though I did not realize what a "hard road to travel"

I soon was between the devil and the deep blue sea.

I suppose there are few men who cannot recall some time or other in their early life when such fancies beset them vigorously, but which gradually died out as they reached manhood.

I was glad when a sudden breeze drove us far away from the tragic scene.

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"what's the use of giving our little pigs so

much milk? They make hogs of themselves."

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and indeed, arrived at the very opposite conclusion, at least in regard to beginning as a sailor. To that proposition he had one concise and pithy answer: "I'd rather see you in your grave!"

I understood the matter better than he did, as all boys of sixteen understand matters and know what is good for them much better than their fathers do; and I thought his conclusion rather dogmatic than argumentative. I think differently now; and if I had a son possessed by the same fancies, I would make him the same answer.

My mother was just as unreasonable upon the subject; I began to consider myself a victim of oppression, and took to reading the Declaration of Independence, comparing myself with the colonies which had so patiently remonstrated and petitioned for their rights for so many years.

So, one fine November morning, I started for school after breakfast, and walked off, with five dollars in my pocket, which I had saved out of my weekly allowance by a long course of self-denial.

Five dollars then seemed a good deal more than it does now, and I had no doubt as to its lasting an indefinite length of time, an illusion which I have since frequently had dispelled with extreme and most embarrassing results.

I trudged along the road, however, whistling faintly, for there was a kind of sinking of heart which seemed to draw back the breath, resting in the shade during the hottest part of the day, and by evening had reached the city whence I expected to start on my travels.

It was too late to do anything that day, as it was almost dark when I reached the wharf, and it was necessary to look out for lodgings. I had friends in the city, but as you may suppose, did not let them see me. To have told them my errand would have brought my voyage to a very sudden termination.

So, partly for this reason and partly from a desire to see the kind of people I was going among, I stopped at a sailors' boarding-house near the river, and entered and asked for lodgings for the night.

The person whom I addressed was a stout, comfortable-looking woman, probably thirty-five years old, standing within a kind of little bar.

She looked hard at me for a moment, and then said, "Yes, sonny, I s'pose so; but," lowering her voice, "what brings you here? You don't look like the kind of craft that belongs to these waters."

"I'm going to be a sailor," said I, blushing.

"Sailor!" said one of several men who were sitting around a large open stove at one side of the room; "a bully sailor you'll make, with them white gal's paws o' yours," he added, squirting a prodigious stream of tobacco juice into the fire; "fit for nothin' but washin' dishes in the caboose."

I felt insulted, the more so as there was a good deal of truth in what he said; but I answered as politely as possible, "I hope, sir, I'll make em fit for something else before long."

The fellow stared at my respectful address, and rising from the bench where he was sitting, took off his tarpaulin, and straddling his legs apart to balance himself, made a grotesque bow, bending his head so low that his thick, stubby queue stuck up perpendicularly in the air.

"Would your honor allow me to look at your honor's hand?" said he with mock civility.

I held out my right hand; he seized it in his own huge knobby paw, and gradually compressed it, till my teeth fairly chattered with the pain, and the hand felt as if all its fingers had been squeezed into one. I bore it, however, without cringing, for I was provoked at this brutal attack by a strong grown man upon a boy, and determined that he should not see me wince or complain, if he cracked every bone in the hand.

When he loosed me, I let the hand drop by my side and said steadily, "Are you satisfied now?"

"No!" said he

it yourself. I wonder what he's brought me to the cook for; I don't want anything to eat," the idea almost upset me again.

"Here, doctor," said Carson, "here's a sick man to be cured. Can you do anything for him?"

"Hi! Mars' Carson," said the doctor, "reckon I've set up wuss cases 'n Billy; look hyar, honey, 'jis you take dis," handing me a long, thin strip of pork fat; "tis a bit o' twine to 'um and den swaller 'um, on'y don' lef de twine go; den pull 'um up agin, an' den swaller 'um down an' pull 'um up agin, two, tree till you pump up all de long shore awak out yer coppers, an' den come to me, an' I'll gib you a nice bit o' junk an' a biscuit to chaw, an' by th-morrow you'll be as hearty as a buck."

Here was a prospect for a boy whose fastidious palate had never even learned the taste of fat.

I had, in a theoretical way, calculated that I must get over divers fancies about eating when I went to sea, but I had trusted to finding myself somehow "got over" them when the time came, without any clear ideas about the previous training necessary, and certainly without any premonition of this very original way of bracing up a qualmish stomach.

I afterwards tried the remedy as prescribed with sufficient success; but now I looked up at Carson pitifully.

"You'd better take his advice, Billy," said he, laughing again.

"But I thought we were going to the doctor," said I.

"Laws, honey," said the cook, "so you is, I'm de doctor."

Here was one piece of sea slang learned at any rate. The ship's cook was called the doctor. It was not long before I found that this was only the beginning of an extensive and very uncouth vocabulary which I had to master.

I had been reading sea stories nearly all my life, and I thought myself pretty well posted up in such matters; and so I was, respecting the spars and standing rigging, and to some extent the principal running rigging also. But I soon found that there were plenty of smaller ropes and spars of whose use I could form no idea at first—numberless knots with incomprehensible names and of exasperating intricacy—and moreover, the mate's orders were always shouted in such an unintelligible roar, that it was a good while before I could make out what any of them meant.

When the watches were set, I had been taken into the larboard watch, which is the first mate's, and very glad I was that I was directly under his command and not under that of the second mate, who was a thorough brute, though a first-rate sailor.

Day after day passed on with but little variety. I went through the usual haps and mishaps of a boy's first voyage; perhaps I got along better than some have done, as Carson, who had purposely taken me into his own watch, took a good deal of pains with me, and what was of quite as much importance to me, stood between me and the rough practical jokes which some of the men attempted to play off upon me. He did not allow me to depend upon him, however, in the way to make a baby of me.

"I'll tell you what, Billy," he said to me one day, "you must stand up for yourself; I'll see that you have fair play and that nobody abuses you, but beyond that you must take care of yourself; if the men get an idea that I'm showing you any favor, you'll have a hard time of it, and I'll get into trouble with the skipper besides." If anybody tries to impose upon you, strike out for yourself; if anybody plays a trick on you, take it as a joke and pay him off the first chance you can get. I'll see that you have fair play."

This was good advice, according to the ways of the world, and I took it. It was not exactly according to the highest code of morals, but I never yet saw the crew of sailors who could be made to understand the moral law as regards the patient endurance and forgiveness of injuries, and an appreciation of the beauty of forbearance on the part of the injured party in a faculty in which they do not abound.

Right or wrong, I did not practice this forbearance at any rate; and I had no opportunity of showing forgiveness of injuries, for nobody ever asked it of me.

So I stood my ground, giving blow for blow, hard word for hard word, and any practical joke I generally contrived to repay with heavy interest.

I had made myself tolerably perfect in my duty by the time we reached the line, and young and slight as I was, Carson even allowed me to take my tricks at the wheel in calm weather. Light, active and strong, I never allowed any of the boys to pass me to my station on the main royal yard; never, after the first time, reached the top through "Jubber's hole," and usually reached the deck from my lofty perch by a short cut down the backstay, always sprang at the order, whatever it might be, till even the sulky second mate, who had no love for boys, on board ship at last, condescended to tell Carson that his "cub" had the right stuff in him after all, and might make a sailor yet if enough pains were taken with him.

I had obtained some knowledge of navigation before leaving school, and with some little instruction from Carson, I was soon able to make out the day's reckoning so correctly that the captain generally employed me to do it for him, more to his satisfaction than mine, as I did not find that my wages were increased by this extra work.

In fact, I soon discovered that Captain Lawton was a better sailor than navigator. He had begun his career as a boy before the mast like myself, but without the advantage, which I possessed, of a previous good education; he had gradually worked his way up to his present position by the sheer force of good practical seamanship, acquiring by the way just enough knowledge of navigation (which can't be acquired in six lessons, lying posters to the contrary notwithstanding,) to carry his ship from port to port without getting very far out of his reckoning.

But so far as working his ship was concerned, in fair weather or foul, in all that pertained to a sailor's duty, no better seaman ever trod plank. He was a little, wiry, peck-marked man, with a mild voice when in conversation, but which, when excited, he could use with marvellous power, as I afterwards found, when I heard him yelling his orders, clear and high above the roar of

the wildest hurricane I ever saw, and about which I'm just going to tell you.

It struck us off the Cape of Good Hope (the "Cabo Tormentoso" of the old Portuguese navigators). After leaving St. Helena, where we had put in for fresh water, we had beaten down the African coast against the steady Southwest Monsoon, till we came in sight of this ironically named Cape of Good Hope, which is just one of the ugliest corners I ever attempted to turn, except perhaps Cape Horn, of which in later years I had a taste in the dead of winter.

I was at the mast head when the land-cloud came into view, followed shortly by a faint, irregular looking mass of what looked like a darker cloud hanging on the water's edge.

I shouted "Land ho!" bringing all hands on deck.

The next moment I saw Carson springing up the rigging.

"Whereaway, Billy?" said he as he reached the main cross trees beside me.

I pointed to the cloud.

He looked at it long and earnestly without speaking.

"Isn't it land, Mr. Carson?" said I, for I began to fear that I had made a greenhorn's blunder.

"Yes," said Carson, "it's land; no mistake about it." Carson's that bloody cape, and we stand a chance of having some ugly work before we get 'round it."

"Why so?" said I; "there's not a cloud to be seen, except the land cloud yonder, and it looks as little like rough weather as I ever saw it."

"Laws, honey," said the cook, "so you is, I'm de doctor."

Here was one piece of sea slang learned at any rate. The ship's cook was called the doctor. It was not long before I found that this was only the beginning of an extensive and very uncouth vocabulary which I had to master.

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Day after day passed on with but little variety. I went through the usual haps and mishaps of a boy's first voyage; perhaps I got along better than some have done, as Carson, who had purposely taken me into his own watch, took a good deal of pains with me, and what was of quite as much importance to me, stood between me and the rough practical jokes which some of the men attempted to play off upon me. He did not allow me to depend upon him, however, in the way to make a baby of me.

"I'll tell you what, Billy," he said to me one day, "you must stand up for yourself; I'll see that you have fair play and that nobody abuses you, but beyond that you must take care of yourself; if the men get an idea that I'm showing you any favor, you'll have a hard time of it, and I'll get into trouble with the skipper besides."

"I'll be ready," said I; "I've been 'roun' dis yer cape afore, an' I knows what dat means. Dey're unfoldin' de table clof an' gittin' de dishes ready; as soon's ever de clof gits down to de bottom o' de table de supper 'll be ready, an' den look out!"

It was now drawing near dark; the heavy wind was steadily rolling down the mountain, and puffs of wind began to come irregularly from the land; all the light sails were taken in, the courses furled, and the ship crept along under close reefed topsails, foretopmast staysail and spanker; two of the best hands in the ship were stationed at the wheel, and we waited for the fight to begin.

We did not wait very long. The blasts from the land increased in frequency and strength, raising a heavy pitching sea. Then came a lull, during which we rolled heavily and almost helplessly on the swell.

It cost us an anxious ten minutes, as we did not know but we might be taken aback; for the ship had lost steerage way, and was swinging back and forth on the short choppings seas, now with her head, now with her stern, now with her broadside to the land.

By this time it was dark; the sky was a mass of black clouds, and not a glimpse of the moon or mountain could be seen.

We waited anxiously enough. Suddenly Carson, who was standing beside me, said, in a low voice, "There it comes!"

I looked out over the black tumbling water, and saw what appeared to be a belt of misty white moving with tremendous speed over the waves directly towards us. It was the foam belt, tearing along in advance of the hurricane; and the ship was rolling head on to it with the yards squared, and the sails hanging loose against the masts.

It was going to take us aback, that was clear; but Captain Lawton was ready; at the instant Carson spoke to me, I heard a voice away aft in the darkness, yelling, "Starboard there! starboard ha-a-a-rd!" Haul on the larboard fore braces! Haul round main and mizzen starboard braces and let the sails shiver! Ease off that boom sheet!"

The men sprang to the braces like cats, and in less time than it has taken me to write it, the close-reefed foretopsail was braced round so as to receive the first shock of the gale at a considerable angle to its surface, while the main and mizzen topsails were braced sharp in the opposite direction so as to present little more than their edges to the wind when the ship should turn upon her heel backwards.

Promptly as it was done, it was not one moment too soon, for the gale struck us at the instant.

In fact, I soon discovered that Captain Lawton was a better sailor than navigator. He had begun his career as a boy before the mast like myself, but without the advantage, which I possessed, of a previous good education; he had gradually worked his way up to his present position by the sheer force of good practical seamanship, acquiring by the way just enough knowledge of navigation (which can't be acquired in six lessons, lying posters to the contrary notwithstanding,) to carry his ship from port to port without getting very far out of his reckoning.

The thunder was sounding overhead; not rolling and grumbling, with now and then a clap, but with a continuous tearing crash without lull or cessation; the sky was in a quivering blaze as the lightning played over it unceasingly, and the sea all around beaten down flat by the wind was white with foam.

The black cook, always designated thus on merchant ships,

we lay thus for one moment touch and go. Then yielding to the pressure on the foretopsail, the ship whirled on her heel, spun around backwards, burying her stern until the foam leapt over the taffrail, her head fell off and she righted.

"Hard up! Square away the yards! Cheerly, men, cheerly!" and around went the sails, presenting their surfaces in the right direction, square to the wind, and the next moment away went all three, close-reefed though they were, out of the bolt ropes, one after the other, each bidding us good-bye with a crack like that of a small cannon.

"There go three as good pieces of duck as were ever bent on yard," said Carson, who was close beside me; "well, it was them or the masta."

"What are we going to do now?" I shouted in his ear.

"Send, I reckon," he answered; "I know J would; but the skipper has the deck to-night, and what he's such a dare devil there's no knowing what he'll try."

Captain Lawton, however, bold as he was, had the merit of knowing when he was beaten. He made no attempt to hold his way against the gale, but ordered the helm eased down, and we fairly turned tail and ran for it.

It was impossible to go aloft. Some of the most active and strongest hands in the ship had tried to reach the fore yard in order to let fall the course; but the moment they were fairly on the shrouds, they found just as much as they could do lying flat against them and holding on with hands and feet to avoid being blown away.

With no head sail to steady her, for the foretopmast staysail was by this time in ribbons, the ship steered as wild as a runaway horse.

The wheel, now with four men at it, was whirling like a spinning wheel, and the old fashioned heavy tiller swept back and forth across the deck like a giant pendulum.

An attempt had been made to get up a tarpaulin forward, in order to steady the ship, but unsuccessfully. Small as it was, it broke away from its fastenings in an instant.

Captain Lawton was a man of expedients. He ordered all hands forward, directing us to stand upon the break of the forecastle, stretching across from side to side, standing together as closely as possible with arms interlocked, thus forming a solid mass of bodies three deep for the wind to pour its force upon.

Small as the obstacle was comparatively, the tremendous force of the wind caused sufficient drag upon it to steady the ship in some degree, and we drove along under this novel head sail with much less yawing than before, greatly to the relief of the men at the wheel, who, I suspect, had now much less trouble in keeping their feet than we had.

We were just beginning to feel as comfortable as circumstances would admit of when it rained. (CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

#### Preservation of Leather.

A contributor to the Shoe and Leather Reporter gives some valuable hints in relation to the preservation of leather. The extreme heat to which most men and women expose boots and shoes during winter deprives leather of its vitality, rendering it liable to break and crack. Patent leather particularly is often destroyed in this manner. When leather becomes so warm as to give off the smell of leather, it is singed. Next to the singeing caused by fire heat is the heat and dampness caused by the covering of rubber. Close rubber shoes destroy the life of leather.

The practice of washing harness in warm water and with soap is very damaging. If a coat of oil is put on immediately after washing, the damage is repaired. No harness is ever so soiled that a damp sponge will not remove the dirt; but, even when the sponge is applied, it is always useful to add a slight coat of oil by the use of another sponge.

All varnishes and all blacking containing the properties of varnish should be avoided. Ignorant and indolent hostlers are apt to use such substances on their harness as will give the most immediate effect, and these, as a general thing, are most destructive to the leather.

When harness loses its lustre and turns brown, which almost any leather will do after long exposure to the air, the harness should be given a new coat of grain black. Before using this grain black, the grain surface should be thoroughly washed with potash water until all the grease is killed, and after the application of the grain black, oil and tallow should be applied to the surface. This will not only fasten "the color," but make the leather flexible. Harness which is grained can be cleaned with kerosene or spirits of turpentine, and no harm will result if the parts affected are washed and oiled immediately afterward.

Shoe leather is generally abused. Persons know little and care less about the kind of materials used than they do about the polish produced. Vitriol blacking is used until every particle of oil in the leather is destroyed. To remedy this abuse the leather should be washed once a month with warm water, and when about half dry a coat of oil and tallow should be applied, and the boots set aside for a day or two. This will renew the elasticity and life in the leather, and when thus used, upper leather will seldom crack or break.

Band leather is not generally properly used. When oil is applied to belting dry it does not spread uniformly, and does not incorporate itself with the fibre, as when dampened with water. The best way to oil a belt is to take it from the pulleys and immerse it in a warm solution of tallow and oil. After allowing it to remain a few moments the belt should be immersed in water heated to one hundred degrees, and instantly removed. This will drive the oil and tallow all in, and at the same time properly temper the leather.

"A facetious doctor having been asked how to commemorate the discoverer of ether, replied: "Very simple. One pedestal! Two statues! Morton here! Jackson there! Underneath the simple inscription, "To Ether."

"In a game of cards a good deal depends on good playing, and good playing depends on a good deal.

"There is no dungeon so dark and dismal as the mean man's mind.

#### SCIENTIFIC WONDER.

*Anatomical Preservation by M. Marini, the Great Italian Experiments.*

A few words have already been said in the series of the *Journal des Débats* of the 21st of November, 1864, volume VI., page 505, about the admirable anatomical preparation of M. Ephysio Marini, of Cagliari, Sardinia. The incomparable embalmer has made an immense discovery, of which he keeps the secret, but which he will reveal when the moment shall have come. He preserves, momifies or petrifies at his will the bodies or portions of bodies and all the solids or the liquids of the living organism, the flesh, the blood, the whole brains, the bile, etc., etc.; besides, so long as the desiccation is not absolute, he restores at will to the bodies or the momified members their volume and their natural forms, outside or inside, in such a way that an arm, for instance, the flesh, the muscles, the tendons, the nerves, the arteries, the veins, resume entirely the aspect and the transparency which they had in a sound body a few hours before death.

Since his departure from Paris, Mr. Marini has so admirably perfected in his incomparable art, that we saw him at Cagliari, in February, 1865, preserve so perfectly the body of a celebrated historian, Mr. Pierre Martini, that four months after his death, thanks to the revivifying liquid whose action is so extraordinary, they had been able to restore to his members all their suppleness, to dress him, to seat him in his arm-chair and take his photograph, which we have under our eyes in writing this, and which would be thought to be of a living man.

On his return to Paris, at the beginning of last December, our friend asked of his Majesty the Emperor of the French an audience, which was granted to him last Saturday, and which overwhelmed him with joy. His Majesty has for a long time considered and admired the marvels of the new art. A fragment of the arm of an Egyptian mummy, to which Mr. Marini has restored, after five thousand years, perhaps, if not its color, at least its suppleness and its appearance of a human member; an arm which Dr. Sapey had sealed with his own seal in 1864, and which a hundred times had been dried, and a hundred times softened, keeps all the appearances of a living arm; the whole body of a dried up rabbit, but which, through its substance, has remained transparent, lets visible the most intimate details of its organization; in short, a table of lugubrious aspect, but a true prodigy, which will soon be the most precious ornament of one of our museums—a strange mosaic, formed of brains, blood, and petrified bile, in which are encased four human ears, and upon which the foot of a young woman arises with a complete preservation of its color and transparency. Science and art here put nature in so new and so pure a light that all feeling of horror had disappeared in order to give place in the highly elevated mind of Napoleon III. to admiration only. That admiration must have been exempt from all after thought, for, after having left the palace of the Tuilleries, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, Mr. Marini was recalled at 9 o'clock in the evening, in order to render her Majesty a witness of his great triumph which he had conquered over death.

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

7.

**THE BURIED CITY.**

BY A RECENT VISITOR TO IT.

I always had an idea that you went down into Pompeii with torches, by the way of damp, dark steps, just as you do in silver mines, and traversed gloomy tunnels with lava overhead, and something on either hand like dilapidated prisons, gougued out of the solid earth, that faintly resembled houses. But you do nothing of the kind. Fully one-half of the buried city, perhaps, is completely exhausted and thrown open freely to the light of day; and there stand the long rows of solidly-built brick houses (roofs) just as they stood eighteen hundred years ago, hot with the flaming sun; and there lie their floors, clean swept, and not a bright fragment tarnished or wanting of the labored mosaic that pictured them with the beasts, and birds, and flowers, which we copy in perishable carpets to-day. There are the Venuses, and Bacchuses, and Adonis, in many-hued frescoes on the walls of saloon and bed-chamber. There are the narrow streets, deeply rutted with the chariot-wheels of the Pompeians of bygone centuries; and there are the bakers' shops, the temples, the halls of justice, the baths, the theatres—all clean-scrapped and neat, and suggesting nothing of the nature of a silver mine away down in the bowels of the earth.

The sun shines as brightly down on old Pompeii to-day, as it did when our Saviour was born in Bethlehem, and its streets are cleaner hundred times than ever Pompeian saw them in her prime. I know whereof I speak—for in the great chief thoroughfares, (Merchant street and the street of Fortune,) have I not seen with my own eyes how for two hundred years at least the pavements were not repaired? How ruts five, and even ten inches deep were worn into the thick flagstones by the chariot-wheels of generations of swindled tax-payers? And don't I know by these signs that the Street Commissioners of Pompeii never attended to their business, and that if they never mended the pavements, they never cleaned them? I speak with feeling on this subject, because I caught my foot in one of those ruts, and the sadness that came over me when I saw the first skeleton, with ashes and lava sticking to it, was tempered by the reflection that maybe that party was the Street Commissioner.

No; Pompeii is no longer a buried city. It is a city of hundreds and hundreds of roofless houses, and a tangled maze of streets, where one could easily get lost without a guide, and have to sleep in some ghostly palace that had known no living tenants since that awful November night of eighteen centuries ago.

**Colored Stars.**

If a brilliant star be observed when near the horizon, it will be seen to present the beautiful phenomenon of "colored scintillation." The colors thus exhibited exceed in purity even those seen in the solar spectrum or in the rainbow. By comparison with them the light which flashes from the ruby, the emerald, the sapphire, or the topaz, appears dull and almost earthly. There are four or five stars which present this phenomenon with charming distinctness. The brilliant Vega, in the constellation Lyra, which rarely sets in our latitude, is one of these. At midnight in Winter, and earlier with the approach of Spring, this splendid blue-steel star may be seen as it skirts the southern horizon, scintillating with red, blue and emerald light. Arcturus twinkles yet more brilliantly down toward the northeast in our Spring evenings. Capella is another noble scintillator, seen low down toward the moon during the Summer nights. But these, though they are the most brilliant northern stars, yet shine with a splendor far inferior to that of Sirius, the famous dog-star. No one can mistake this noble orb as it rises above the southern horizon in our Winter months. The vivid colors exhibited by Sirius as it scintillates have afforded a favorite image to the poets. Homer compares the celestial light which gleamed from the shield and helmet of Diomed to the rays of "Sirius, the star of Autumn," which "shines with a peculiar brilliancy when laved by ocean's waves," and, to pass at once from the father of poetry to our greatest modern poet, we find in Tennyson's "Princess" the same language, where he says of Arauc and his brothers,

"As the fiery Sirius alters hue,  
And bidders into red and emerald, shone  
Their morions, washed with morning, as they  
came."

It is difficult to persuade oneself that these ever-changing tints do not really belong to the stars. But there is now no doubt that they are caused by our own atmosphere. Unequally warm, unequally dense, and unequally moist in its various strata, the air transmits irregularly those colored rays which together produce the light of a star. Now one color prevails over the rest, and now another, so that the star appears to change color. But it is only low down toward the horizon that these changes take place to their full extent. In the tropics, where the air is more uniform in texture, so to speak, the stars do not scintillate unless they are quite close to the horizon, "a circumstance," says Humboldt, "which gives a peculiarly calm and serene character to the celestial depths in those countries."—*Fraser's Magazine*.

"A conductor on a road running from Hartford, agreed in the kindness of his heart to pass a poor penniless fellow on his train. An officer of the road sitting in the same car with the man observed that the conductor took no fare of him, and called him to account for it. "Why do you pass that man?" said Mr. Treasurer. "Oh, he's a conductor on the — railroad." "He a conductor! why what makes him dress so shabbily?" "Oh, he's trying to live on his salary!" was the quick reply. Mr. Treasurer saw the point and dropped the subject.

"An Irish glazier was putting in a pane of glass, when a groom standing by began joking him, telling him to put in plenty of putty. The Irishman bore the banter for some time, but at last silenced his tormentor by, "Arrah now, be off wid ye, or else I'll put a pain in yer head widout any putt."

**THE MARKETS.**

**FLOUR.**—The market has been still. About 800 bushels sold at \$8.75@9.00 for superfine; \$9.50@10.50 for extra; \$10.50@12 for low grade and fancy northwest extra family; \$10.50@12 for Penna extra family; \$11@13 for Ohio extra family, and \$13@15.50 for small sales at \$9.50@9.75.

**GRAIN.**—Prime Wheat continues scarce, 20,000 bus of fair to prime Penna and Southern red sold at \$9.50@12; 1000 bus of choice amber at \$8.00; 5000 bus of white at \$8.15@8.35, and 2000 bus of No. 3 spring wheat \$8.00@8.25, according to quality. Hops—1800 bus of prime Penna sold at \$1.10@1.15; Corn—35,000 bus of Western mixed sold at \$1.20@1.25; 12,000 bus of Western mixed sold at \$1.15@1.20; Oats—18,000 bus of Western sold at \$1.15@1.20; Bus of Penna oats at \$1.15@1.20, and 30,000 bus of W. others at \$1.15@1.20.

**PROVISIONS.**—There has been a fair business doing. Sales of Meats Park at \$30@35, and prime at \$35@37. City packed Meats Beef in selling at \$27@27.50. Beef Hams at \$30@40 per hhd. Bacon—Sales of 800 lbs plain and fancy canvassed Hams at \$1.10@1.15 per lb. Bacon—Sales of 800 lbs of pickled Hams at \$1.05@1.10 per lb. Green Mutton—Sales of 700 lbs of salt Shoulders sold at \$1.15@1.20 per lb. Lard—Sales of 160 lbs and tea at \$1.00@1.05 per lb. Eggs—Sales of solid packed at \$25@30 per dozen, and roll at \$20@25 per lb., according to quality. Cheeses—Is selling at \$1.15@1.20 per lb. Eggs sell at \$25@30 per dozen.

**COTTON.**—The demand is limited. About 1000 bales of middlings sold at \$12@12.50 for Upplands, and \$20@22.50 per bale for New Orleans.

**FRUIT.**—Dried Apples—sales at \$4.25@4.50 per lb. Dried Peaches—sales of quarters at \$1.10@1.15, and 15,000 lbs of halves at \$1.15@1.20 per lb. Pared Peaches range at from \$10@12.50 per lb. Green Apples sell at \$1.10@1.15 per lb.

**PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.**

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week was about 2000 head. The price realized from 10@11 cts per lb. Steers, weight from \$45 to \$50 per head. Sheep—500 head were disposed of at from \$6@8 cts per lb. 2000 Hogs sold at from \$12.50 to \$15.00 per lb.

**AQUIDNECK HOUSE,**  
NEWPORT, R. I., MAY 18, 1868.

The above house having been thoroughly renovated, repainted inside, and new furniture added, is now open for the season of 1868.

Accommodations for 150 guests, with suites of from two to six rooms each.

Families will find the "Aquadneck" more quiet than the larger hotels, with lower prices, and table and attendance first class.

Also suites of rooms in cottage near, with meals at the hotel. Address as above.

WILLIAM HODGES.

**GENTS WANTED** for the Life, Campaigns

**ULYSSES S. GRANT.**

The work is octavo, and will contain over 500 pages; is illustrated with a superb Portrait, together with Views of the General's Birthplace, the Surrender of Fort Donaldson and Vicksburg; also of the Battles of Pittsburg Landing (Shiloh) and Chattanooga.

In view of the inevitable nomination of GRANT for the Presidency, the work will have a large sale.

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## WIT AND HUMOR.

## TAKE THE TRAIN AWAY.

Go, cut it off, my daughters dear,  
Though graceful it may be,  
And swiftly bring the scissors here  
That I the deed may see:  
Elise and James may fume and fret,  
Then let them fume, I pray—  
Be deaf to all their mad regret,  
And take the train away.

I've had enough of robes a queue  
Dust-laden in the street,  
Of trailing gauzes pink and blue,  
Entangled round my feet;  
I've trodden on so many gowns  
And caused so much dismay,  
So many pettish shrugs and frowns—  
Do take the train away.

I'm weary of those endless skirts  
In every festive throng,  
I hope they'll meet with their deserts—  
They've tyrannized too long!  
I only wish to live at ease,  
I'm not averse to pay  
For all the chafes that you please—  
But take the train away!

I cannot keep my temper down  
Upon the crowded stair,  
I think the follies of the town  
More odious than they were;  
I stumble and apologize,  
I don't know what to say—  
The gist of all the matter lies  
In—take your train away.

Let crinoline be all the rage  
And crowd our streets again,  
Let fashions of a bygone age  
With paint and patches reign:  
Let hoops, and ruffs, and high-heeled shoes  
Resume their pristine sway—  
And be as fickle as you choose,  
Yet—take the train away.

There's plenty left to please the eye  
Or vex the mind of man,  
The chignon sits enthroned on high  
And measures half a span:  
We freely give you all your head,  
For who shall say you say?  
But still with vigor it is said,  
Take, take the train away.

## WAR ANECDOTES.

We take the following from the Southern Home Journal:

THOUGHT IT WAS A "TORTLE."—During the late war, coffee, sugar, and flour were things of the past in southern Texas. A soldier stayed all night at a house on the Nueces, and, finding a large hard biscuit in his haversack, he gave it to a little four-year old boy playing before the door. Half an hour afterwards he saw the boy with the biscuit on the ground and a coal of fire upon it.

"What are you doing that for, sonny?" he inquired.

"Trying to make the plaguy thing poke its head out."

THE NEW ISSUE.—Your readers, at least such of them as were in the confederacy in the spring of 1864, will remember that at that time there was a new issue of "promises to pay," the old being redeemed at discount of one-third.

In the early part of June in that year, the first Maryland cavalry, C. S. A., left eastern Virginia, and marched for the Valley, on its way to join in the invasion of Maryland.

As there had been no rain for some time, the roads were in a very bad condition; and on the march the members of the regiment were nearly suffocated with dust.

On approaching Charlottesville they found, guarding the passage of the Rappahannock river, a body of militia, who (it being Sunday) were attired in their best and presented a very neat appearance. This excited the desire of the boys, who were no exception to the general rule of soldiers in their contempt of militiamen, and occasioned one of them to cry out:

"Boys, look at the 'new issue'!"

This created great laughter, which was soon turned on its author by one of the "terrible melish" triumphantly exclaiming—

"That's so, mister; there's no discount on us!"

A MODEST REQUEST.—During the invasion of Pennsylvania by the army of General Lee, a portion of it camped one night on the farm of a strong Union man. The Rebels being hungry, had hunted up everything in the eating line that could be found; and more than one chicken, duck, and turkey, had found its way into some "Johnny's" camp-kettle. The farmer was a silent witness of the destruction of his poultry until a "Johnny" stepped up and addressed him.

Johnny.—"I say, mister—if I kill one of your hogs, mayn't your wife cook him for me?"

Citizen.—"No; my wife has already fainted from the heat of the fire while cooking for you soldiers."

Johnny.—"Well, I say, mister; when she comes too, may she cook him for me?"

NO PLACE FOR A PRIVATE.—At the battle of Mine Run there was a recruit in the Virginia regiment who had never been under fire before, and was not long under this time, for soon after the firing began he made for the rear. On rejoining his company a few days after, some of the men asked him to explain his singular conduct during the last fight. This is what he said:

"Colonel S. — said, 'Skirmishers by the right flank employ.' Captain M. — was standing behind a tree, saying, 'Forward, men, forward!' Sergeant B. — was laying behind a log, crying, 'I'm dead! I'm dead! I'm dead!' I knew that was not so, for if he had been dead, he couldn't have hollered. I thought that was no place for a private, and I got out!"

BUTTERFLIES AND CATERPILLARS.—The following, which happened in the Federal army, is, I think, too good to be lost. I have it from a gentleman who served during the war as surgeon in that army:

In New Jersey, in the early part of the war, there was raised a regiment which the men joining understood was intended for the cavalry service; but which, when complete



HURRY! HURRY!

JONES.—"Hullo, Smith! Haven't seen you for an age—how are ye?"  
SMITH.—"Don't stop me, there's a good fellow—just bought a new bonnet as a present for my wife, and I must hurry home with it, or it might be out of fashion by the time I get there!"

and fully organized, was placed in the infantry. The members never forgave the deception practiced upon them; and, whenever an unlucky cavalry man passed by, he was sure to be greeted with the cry of "Butterfly." One day, during a heavy march in which the members were very much fatigued, a cavalry man passed by the regiment in a gallop, and met with the usual reception—the men yelling at the top of their voices, "Butterfly! Butterfly!"

The cavalry man, who seemed to know the history of the regiment, very quietly turned in his saddle, and with infinite satisfaction, exclaimed: "How—are—you—Caterpillars?"

## Curious Customs.

A member of the far-famed Quahog Club (the Historical and Pictorial Society of Westchester County), tells of a curious funeral custom in one of the Long Island agricultural districts—a district remarkable for its fertility in clams and bluefish. He says that a few years ago he went down on the island with a view of purchasing a farm which had been advertised for sale. He spent several days in the village; his inquiries as to the value of the farm were satisfactorily and assuringly answered, and he finally had the honor to "assist" at a funeral. He noticed in the funeral procession a heavy cart drawn by oxen, and that the cart was filled with guano. He was surprised to see the contents of the vehicle deliberately emptied into the grave before the earth was thrown in. Upon inquiry of the minister he ascertained that this custom was in accordance with an old tradition of the farmers on that part of Long Island, who believed that the soil was so poor and thin as to require a fertilizer to insure the resurrection of any thing buried in it *except* clams!

Our correspondent didn't buy that farm on Long Island, but eventually settled in one of the fever-and-ague districts of Westchester County, where they have a curious funeral observance of their own, and where most of the people die of fever and ague. At the funerals the mourners uniformly sprinkle quinine on the graves of the deceased to prevent their being prematurely shaken out!

## Singular Custom.

The Abyssinian correspondent of the London Herald makes the following statement in confirmation of a singular custom described by Bruce, the traveller:

Three of the officers of the Fourth Regiment saw, the other day, at Fokoda, an operation which was described by Bruce, but which has been denied by all subsequent travellers, and by the Abyssinians themselves. This was the operation of cutting a steak from the body of a living ox. They came upon the natives just as they were in the act of performing it. The unfortunate bullock was thrown down, and its four legs were tied together. The operator then cut an incision in the skin near the spine, just behind the hip-joint. He blew into this to separate the skin from the flesh, and then cut two other incisions at right angles to the first, and then lifted a flap of skin four or five inches square. From this he cut out a lump of flesh, cutting with the knife under the skin, so that the amount of flesh taken was larger than the portion uncovered.

The operator then filled up the hole with cow-dung, replaced the flap of skin, plastered it up with mud, until the feet of the poor animal, who had kept up a low moaning while the operation was going on, gave it a kick to make it get up, and the whole thing was over. I should mention that the operator cut two or three gashes in the neighborhood of the wound, apparently as a sign that the animal had been operated upon in that part. The officer observed that several of the other cattle of the same herd were marked in a precisely similar manner.

They returned in half an hour, and found the animal walking about and feeding quietly. I have not mentioned that it bled very little at the time the operation was being performed. It is certainly very singular that after so many years Bruce's story, which has always been considered as a traveller's tale, should have been confirmed. All travellers have denied it. Mr. Speedy, who was a year among them, tells us that he never saw or heard of its being done, and that the Abyssinians, of whom he had inquired respecting the truth of Bruce's statement, had always most indignantly denied it, and, indeed, had

asserted that it would be entirely contrary to their religion, for that they strictly keep the Mosaic law, to eat no meat unless the throat of the animal had been cut and the blood allowed to escape. Anatomists have denied the possibility of an animal, when such an operation had been performed, being able to walk afterward. Here, however, was the indisputable fact. The operation was performed, and the ox did walk afterward.

## Do Not Swallow Grape Seeds.

Grape seeds, cherry stones and the like are insoluble in any and all of the juices used in the process of digestion; they must therefore pass from the body in the same state in which they are swallowed. In their passage along the alimentary canal they cannot but induce more or less irritation, and if the digestive organs are at all weak they must of necessity cause great disturbance; being hard, almost like stones, they scrape along over the delicate mucous membrane which lines the stomach and bowels, and frequently lodge in the coils of the intestines, or become imbedded in the delicate lining and cause ulceration and tumefactions of the bowels, which may result in death. A friend just tells of a young man who having eaten a quantity of grapes, became ill, suffered intensely, was unable to get relief from any source, and finally died. An examination disclosed a large quantity of cherry stones imbedded in the bowels, together with about half a pint of grape seeds, which had completed the work of death.—*Mrs. Dr. Miller.*

## AGRICULTURAL.

## Agricultural Items.

—In a recent law suit in Herkimer county, N. Y., on a charge of watering milk, the verdict rendered by the jury virtually established the principle that the lactometer, when the tests are properly made with the milk, is sufficient evidence to convict. The result of a similar suit about a year ago in the same county, it will be remembered, was directly the opposite of this.

—In a recent discussion before the Bedford, N. H., Farmer's Club, the question of applying manures to sod ground was discussed, and at the close of the discussion twenty to one voted that manure should be applied to the sod after it had been turned over, and as near the surface as it is possible to cover it, not over three inches deep.

—The Prairie Farmer gives the particulars of the sale of 36 Short-Horn cattle, by Mr. Speers, of Tallula, Ill., amounting to over \$16,000. One cow, "Blanche," and calf, \$1,000; "Belanchini 4th," (cow) \$1,000; "Victoria 5th," yearling heifer, \$635; bull, Gen. Grant, \$720; another bull, \$300, and others for less.

—The veterinary editor of Wilkes's Spirit of the Times recommends the following for scratches in a horse: Take sulphate of zinc, one drachm; glycerine, two ounces; apply every morning.

—A correspondent of Wilkes's Spirit urges that early breeding has produced the deterioration in horses rather than in-and-in breeding. He advises never to breed a mare to a stallion under six, and never before the mare is five.

—KITCHEN ODORS.—Meat which has been slightly tainted may be restored to perfect sweetness, and the odor arising from it while boiling entirely prevented by throwing into the pot a few pieces of charcoal contained in a small bag. The odor of vegetables slightly affected may be prevented in the same way. Red pepper, and even black pepper, produces a similar but less perfect smell.

—SMALL FRUITS.—One of our correspondents writes us that his first trial in the fruit line, to relieve him from the expense of bread and meat, was growing strawberries. He says he commenced with twenty square feet, and increased in two years to nearly one-eighth of an acre, set six kinds mixed together, and that the patch of ground furnished all the berries the family and children could use, besides realizing from sales a surplus of over seventy dollars a year.

Another of his reliances was the sour cherry, and he practices heading his trees in each year, taking out small crossing limbs, and obtaining fruit in great abundance, and he says of larger and superior quality to that of his neighbors who practice the let-alone method.

## How to Raise Peas.

A statement of the experience of Mr. William Eaton, of Auburn, in raising peas last year, may be of benefit to farmers, market gardeners, and others, who ought by this time to be thinking about getting up an early crop of this favorite "garden pea." Last year, Mr. Eaton planted a piece of ground 55 by 33 feet in dimensions, in peas, and raised therefrom twenty-four bushels, which he sold for forty-eight dollars, the land thus producing at the rate of more than thousand dollars an acre. The way he managed it was this: he ploughed thoroughly first, then harrowed the ground, furrowed it out one way, and then he took his hoe, trenched out every row of peas and filled the trenches half full of compost manure. He then planted four varieties of peas—June, Marrowfat, Dwarf, and Black-eyed marrowfat—four inches deep; after they had sprung up he dusted the ground with four bushels of strong ashes. Mr. Eaton also planted a like patch of ground with Champion peas, but the vines grew so rank and so rank, that he did not get half a crop of peas. He recommends the Black-eyed marrowfat pea to gardeners: they have large pods, the peas are large, and the vines large bearers.—*Worcester Evening Gazette.*

## Rust on Wheat.

Milton Reynolds, of Westville, Indiana, asks what causes rust on wheat? We answer that the general cause is a want of mineral, and an undue proportion of vegetable matter in the soil. A wet season favors its development, for the reason that it promotes the rapid absorption of vegetable mold into the straw, giving it a rank growth. We always find wheat more liable to rust on new land, or on land highly manured with barnyard or stable manure, which fact is explained by the statement made above. There is very little vegetable matter required for the production of wheat; on the contrary it is mainly composed of minerals, silica being the leading element. A soil, therefore, abounding in silica is best adapted (all things being equal) to wheat. Having stated the cause of rust, the remedy will suggest itself to any one. This is found in lime, wood ashes, &c., and proper attention to drainage. A wet, cold, sour land will not produce wheat until it has been warmed and dried by drainage, and had its acidity corrected by lime or some other friendly alkali.—*North Western Farmer.*

## Time to Cut Timber.

A correspondent of the Southern Cultivator in communicating the following experiments, remarks that the best time to cut timber is when in full leaf—July and August—and that the knowledge would have been worth thousands of dollars to him, had he possessed it years ago:

Lot No. 1, was cut in July, 1859—house logs to put up cabin; red oak. They were put up, but not covered; been exposed the whole time; still sound.

No. 2, was square timber for gin house, of oak, post oak and over cup, was gotten out in December, 1860; piled and covered with plank till 1862; exposed since that time; sound on the outside about two inches; perfectly rotten in the heart; red oak the worst rotted.

No. 3, was of same kind of timber, subject to more exposure; gotten out in June, 1861; much sounder than No. 2; green timber sawed in July, 1861; subject to same exposure as No. 2; still quite sound.

My conclusion from this, is, cut your timber when in full leaf—July and August best. All timber cut after the fall or the leaf will heart-rot.

## RECEIPTS.

PICKLED EGGS.—At the season of the year when the stock of eggs is plentiful, cause some four or six dozen to be boiled in a capacious saucepan until they become quite hard. Then, after removing the shells, lay them carefully in large-mouthed jars, and pour over them scaling vinegar, well seasoned with whole pepper, allspice, a few racées of ginger, and a few cloves of garlic. When cold they are bunged down close, and in a month are fit for use. Where eggs are plentiful, the above pickle is by no means expensive, and as an acetic accompaniment to cold meat, it cannot be outrivaled.

## THE RIBBELLER.

## Riddle.

My 1st is in right, but not in wrong,  
My 2nd is in hymn, but not in song;  
My 3rd is in sheep, but not in goat;  
My 4th is in ship, but not in boat;  
My 5th is in work, but not in play;  
My 6th is in grave, but not in gay;  
My 7th is in steel, but not in ore;  
My 8th is in peace but not in war;  
My 9th is in friend, but not in foe;  
My 10th is in fast, but not in slow.  
My whole is now in your possession. Use it well.

FRANCIS M. PRIEST.

Bryan, Ohio.

## Mathematical Problem.

Two circles touch each other externally. Required—The locus of the centers of all the circles that can be drawn touching both the given circles.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

**177** An answer is requested.

## Conundrum.

**177** When is a hat without its nap? Ans.—When it is a wide awake.

**177** Why should you never write secrets with a quill pen? Ans.—Because it may split.

**177** When does a schoolboy show a taste for poetry? Ans.—When he does the rule of three in verse.

**177** When is a clock on the stairs dangerous? Ans.—When it runs down.

**177** When does a man's hat become composite? Ans.—When it has felt down.

**177** If you don't guess this, why are you like an industrious cobbler? Ans.—Because you will stick at the last.

## Answer to Last.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—Origen, a learned Christian writer, commonly called one of the Fathers. ENIGMA—California. RIDDLER—Campbell. RIDDLE—New York.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of Feb. 29th—4 and 5 yards. W. H. Morrow, R. Barto, and J. N. Soders; 12 and 15 feet, J. S. Phebus, and S. B. Griffith.

Answer to Melville's PROBLEM of same date—\$26.1535. Melville, and J. N. Soders.

Answer to W. T. Stonebreaker